MAYFAIR

Vol. 21 No. 4 ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
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NUDE EXCLUSIVE

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MICHELLE LA BELLE: THE DARING DANCER FROM 'DON'T WAIT UP'

SPITFIRE: THE UNTOLD STORIES

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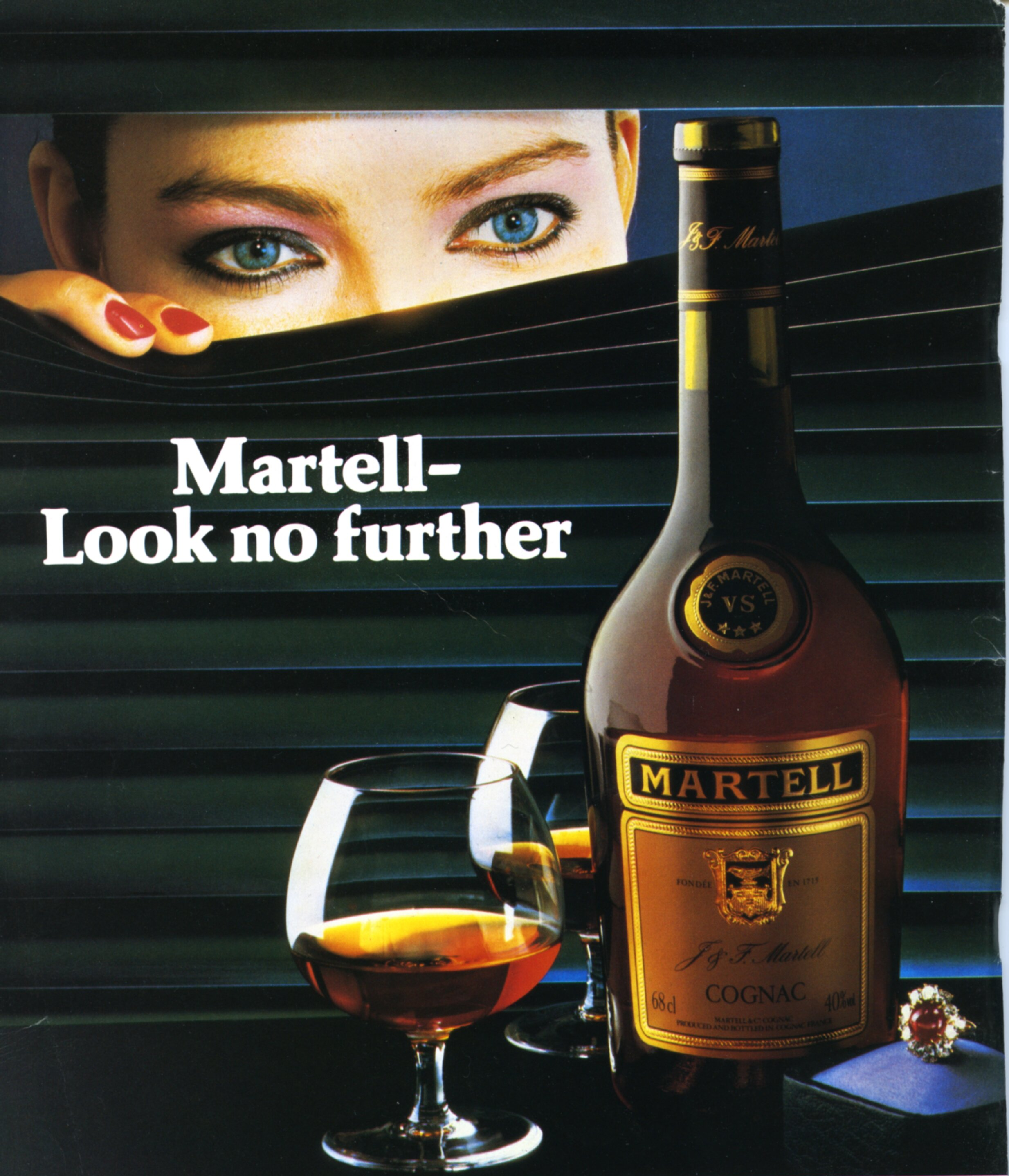
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Cover: model, Susan Atkinson; photographer, Paul Von Stroheim

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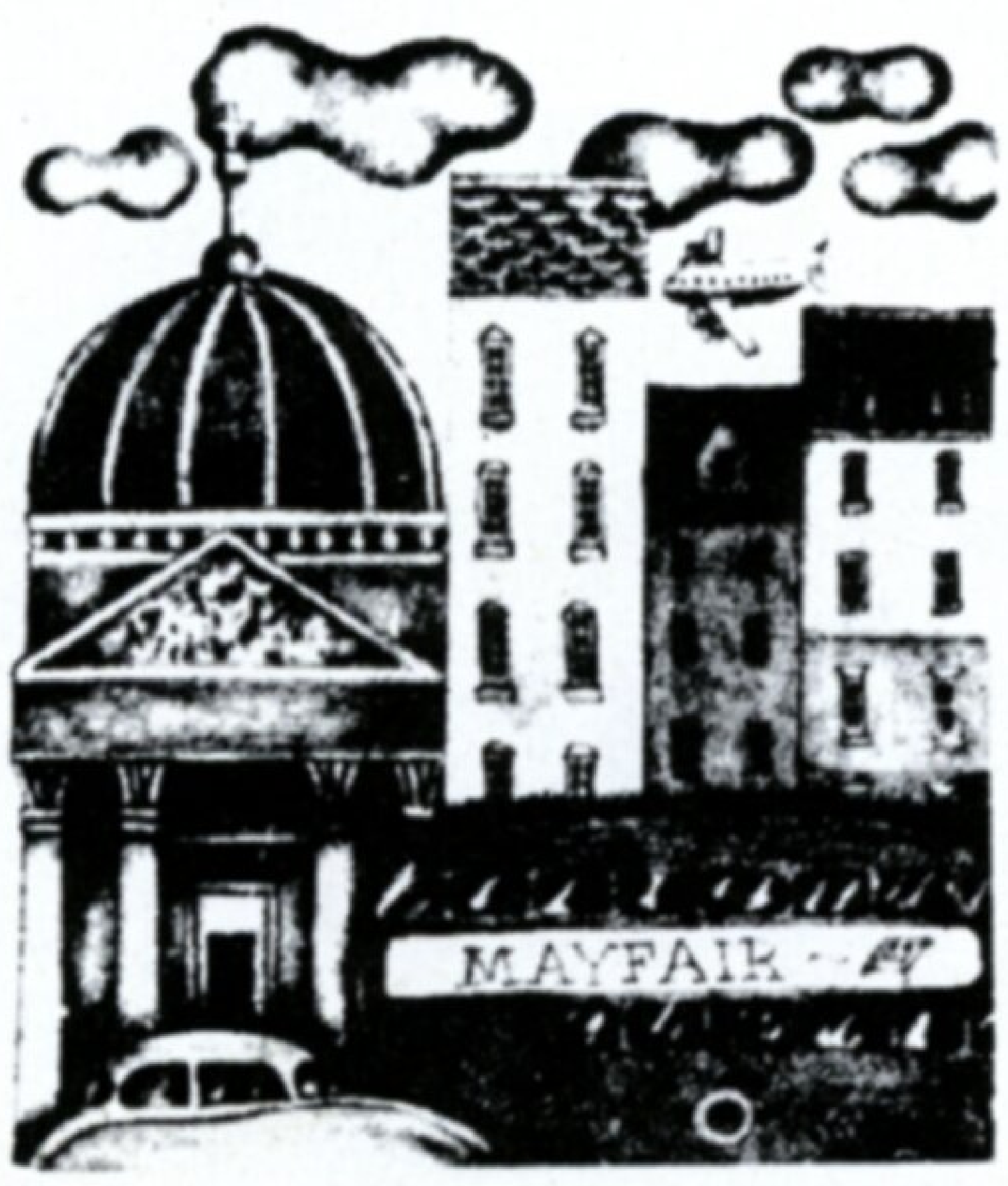
BACARDI AND ORANGE AND A LITTLE IMAGINATION.

SCENE



Back in December we were intrigued by a call from *The Sun* newspaper, asking if we had pictures of Marianne Hallberg. The name rang a belle, and our features department swung into action to help track down the pictures which had appeared some years ago. The reason for 'the soaraway's' interest then became clear. Marianne had spilled the beans to them about her steamy and star-studden sex life. After that appearance in *Mayfair* Marianne started mixing in London's celebrity circle, and literally the world was at her feet. Just what turned on so many famous men? Turn to page 35 to see for yourself.

Also in this issue we are celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Spitfire, the world's finest fighter. The daring exploits of the plane and its pilots have been told and retold many times, but starting on page 44 there is a chance to read about some of the less well known escapades of this famous plane. *Spitfire — The Untold Stories* by Edwyn Gray provides a fascinating insight into the history of this great little plane.

Far from little but impressive in her own way is the appropriately named Jane Large. Jane's ample 39-24-35 frame has to be seen to be believed. And before you start thinking that Large is a pseudonym, you're wrong. Jane has been dogged by jokes since she first started growing at 11. Also not to be missed is model and dancer Michelle Gordon. She made a fleeting appearance in the BBC comedy series *Don't Wait Up*. But you can enjoy a longer look on pages 18 to 23.

Finally there's advice for potential criminals in our humorous look at crimes that went wront on page 80. *It's Easy to Make a Cock-Up of a Stick-Up*... by Frederick J Stephens is ample proof that crime doesn't pay.

The obsession with record breaking is so great that it's easy to get a sense of inferiority. We were therefore pleased that Mackeson have come up with a reply to that Guinness book of superlatives. *The Mackeson Book of Averages* by Robert Porter (Andre Deutsch £4.95) concentrates on the silent majority, and provides consolation for us all. For example, contrary to popular boast, the average man's penis is a mere 6½ inches long, and we're the best-hung primate (far outclassing gorillas in proportion). Better news still that boobs are getting bigger. The average used to be 34B, now it's 36 — one in five girls in the UK being 40D or more. Together, the average couple make love once every 3.8 days, though if you are a once-a-week man, take heart — 970,000 couples never do it at all. The best time for the average man is 8 am, and on average he takes around half-an-hour, of which the act itself lasts two minutes. And you might like to enjoy a quick snigger, next time those chimps advertise the tea on TV. Sex for a chimp only lasts an average of 7 seconds. But some creatures *are* worthy of your respect, like the whelk. If a male whelk was the size of a human, it's penis would be 8 feet long. Fortunately their chat-up lines are hopeless.

Volvo, makers of some of the safest cars in the world, have just discovered a way to make driving even less dangerous. Don't wear your trousers — especially in winter. The advice comes from ventilation research scientist David P Wyon of the National Swedish Institute for Building Research, and was exposed in *Care on the Road*, the newspaper of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. Trousers, the report claims, form an effective barrier against car heating which leads the driver to turn up the heaters higher than necessary, causing drowsiness. Also, if the driver has to keep adjusting the car's heating and ventilation, then his mind is not on his driving, reason the Swedish car manufacturers. The tests were carried out by a trousered and computerised manikin called Voltman over a lengthy period on the ice-bound roads of Sweden, and are being seriously studied by Volvo. One might expect such uninhibited behaviour in Scandinavia, but never in Britain. Besides, Voltman didn't have a lady passenger. A straying female hand helping a trouser-free driver change gear would blow the concentration far quicker than hot Crimplene. We'd be happy to try it though.

COME ALIVE WITH No. 5

Our fifth collectors' edition, *Best of Mayfair No 5*, is still available at your local newsagent, but get yours now because two of our earlier ones are already sold out. Costing just £1.95, it has 196 pages full of the best in girls, features, fiction, and our special humour. PLUS — Britain's top model and TV star Samantha Fox in some of the most revealing poses ever seen of her.

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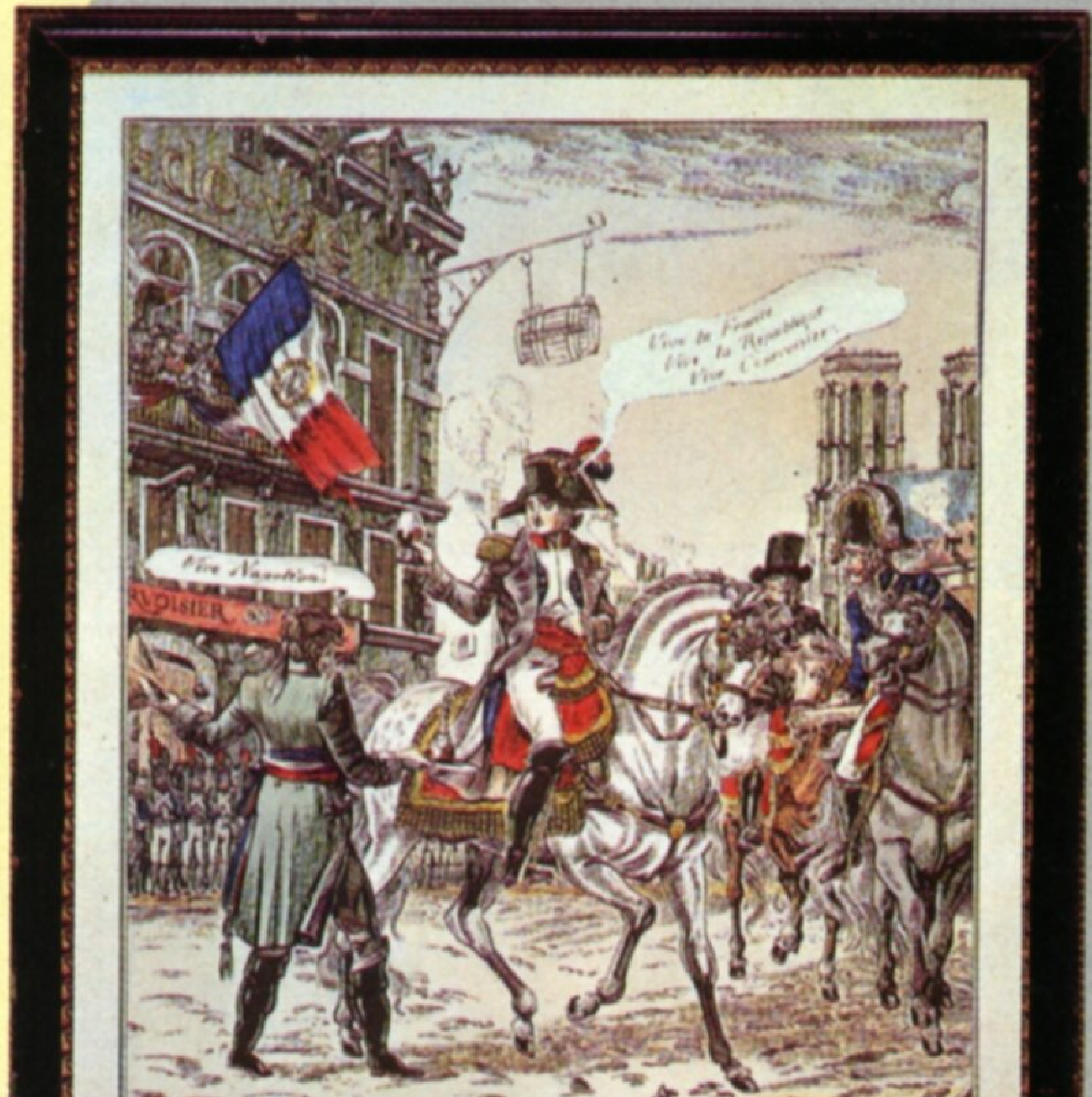

NAPOLÉON VISITING THE COGNAC WAREHOUSES.
10th February 1811. Bercy, Paris.

As far as history is concerned, our roots go back a long way.

Napoleon himself was known to have visited the Bercy warehouse of Emmanuel Courvoisier back in 1811.

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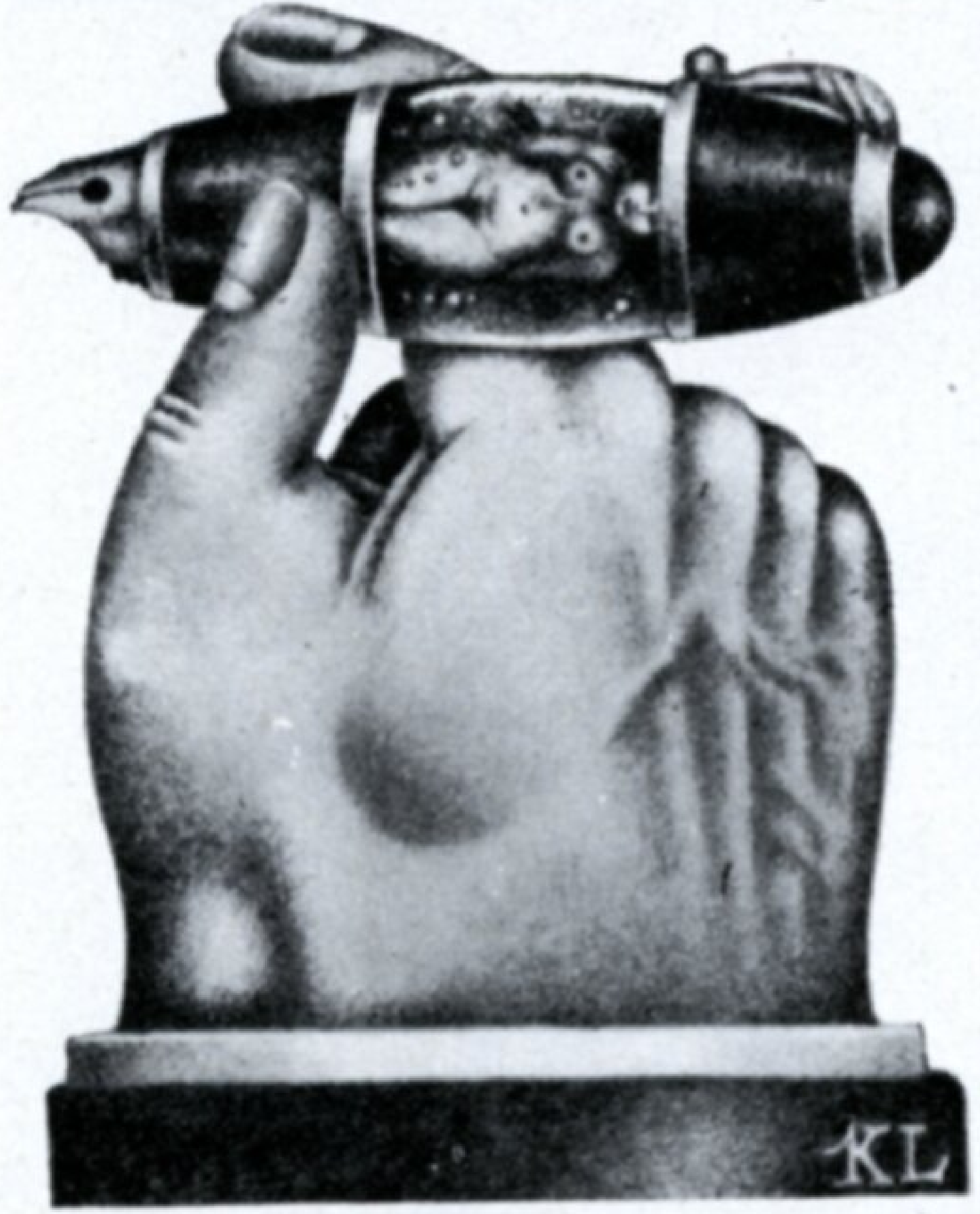
Louise

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

Springtime is Louise Wilkinson's favourite time of year. After a long winter curled up in her cottage near the sea in the North Yorkshire resort of Whitby, she can finally put her nose out of the door for a spell in the garden. 'It gets pretty cold up here,' said the 22-year-old, hugging herself in a mock shiver. 'It was –12 degrees in January, with force eight gales. Now that's over, I can get on with the gardening, something I really love.'

However it may be a few weeks before Louise is able to strip off and tan her 36-26-36 figure. 'There are high hedges around the garden, and yes, I have been known to sunbathe nude,' she said. Then she giggled, 'mind you, I was out there once when the dustmen came. You can imagine what they said. I ended up chasing them off with just a little towel around my waist.' During the week, Louise works in the offices of a chemical company. 'Much as I love the fresh air and my garden, I do think that some of the big factories on the road into Middlesborough can look quite imposing — even if they don't smell as good,' she added with a smile. However, for spectacle they'd have to go a long way to beat Louise's lounge, a room almost completely filled with houseplants. 'It is a little over-the-top.'

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Congratulations on maintaining such a high quality magazine. My wife and I often treat ourselves to an issue, particularly when the girl on your front cover is as appealing as Coral Hempstead in her tartan mini-kilt.

Usually we can look forward to seeing more of your cover girls on the pages within, so we were specially disappointed this time not to have found out what Coral was wearing under her kilt! Perhaps a little something matching those delightful socks? Will we ever know?

M F Totnes, Devon

I must congratulate you on your cover for Vol 21 No 2. I think it is one of the most attractive *Mayfair* covers I have ever seen. It combined the qualities of sweetness, innocence and eroticism, and I think this is achieved by the model Coral's big baby-blue eyes, and the way she is demurely but partially clad in a thin strip across her bosom, a mini-kilt and schoolgirl-type white socks. It all adds up to charm.

As to the cover honouring Burns Night, an ancestor of mine lived next door to Rabbie Burns, and was reputed have been the original Annie Laurie. Knowing that Rab was a bit of a lad, I may well have descended from him on the wrong side of the bedclothes.

As to whether Burns would have approved of your cover, I'd like to say this on his behalf, 'Ah've had a canny wee glimpse o' her fayre yaing titties, but I'd like that mini skairt removed to sae we can hae an honest glance at her bonnie wee pussie an' soft wee bottie.'

So in the name of Scotland's immortal bard, let's have another measure of scotch from that divine young lady Coral.

G Hyatt, Tonbridge, Kent

Gerald Rawling's stories are always most interesting, and usually very accurate. You must feel the same way or you wouldn't ask him back to write for you so often. Were you in the same regiment?

However I would like to comment on the make of guns fitted to the Gloster Gladiator (as featured in Vol 21 No 2), and other RAF fighters during World War Two. Gerald states that the machine guns used were Colts called Brownings. I believe these guns were Brownings, being either .30 calibre (.30MZ) or .50 calibre (.50MZ). Mr Browning was one of the finest gunmakers the world has ever seen. He realised even at the end of the First World War that a better and heavier calibre machine gun would be needed. His foresight and great ability gave the allies guns which were, and still are, unmatched.

As the British used .303 cal ammunition, he had to redesign his guns from .30 to fit the British aircraft. This is where the confusion often appears. His machine guns were in such demand that he had to license other makes to produce his guns (eg Colt Firearm Co, High Standard Co, Savage Arms Co, Buffalo Arms Co, Frigidaire, AC Spark Plugs, Brown-Lipe-Chappin, Saginaw Dio of G M of Kelsey Hayes). The models produced are all Browning guns however.

M G C Potter, Berkhamstead

I am an ardent reader of *Mayfair*, but your article on that bastard Patton sure pissed me off.

I can sum up that bastard in a lot fewer words than your feature did. Who the hell did he think he was, God?

The arrogant son of a bitch wasn't fit to polish Monty's shoes, let alone call him a 'tired old fart'. Monty had more guts and respect for the men under him.

I served under Monty in the Sicilian and Italian campaigns with the 1st Canadian division attached to the great 8th Army. And as for that bullshit about the Battle of the Bulge, if it hadn't been for Monty and the British and other allied troops, Patton and the rest of his Americans would have been massacred.

Maybe it was a good thing that Patton was killed. It's a wonder some of his own flunkies didn't get him before he was killed in that car accident. That's my view of Patton — much shorter than yours.

R Wallace, Ontario, Canada

Somehow we think Patton would have enjoyed reading your blunt comments.

Your Carrie adventure featuring two girls fighting in the bath reminded me of a wet and wonderful evening I spent with my boyfriend recently.

Mark (name changed) and myself often share a shower as I find soaping his hairy chest, stomach and lower down very exciting. I know that he is also fond of washing me, and judging from the attention they receive I must have the cleanest breasts in Britain. However, we normally restrict our activities to when we're nude, but on this occasion both of us were fully clothed. In fact we were about to go out for a meal.

I was all ready in my white satin blouse and black pencil skirt, with black stockings and suspenders (Mark's little perversion) and matching high heels. Mark was in a tight black pair of jeans (*my* little perversion), denim shirt and bumpers.

It happened quite simply. As we were about to leave, I realised that I'd left my ring by the soap dish in the shower. Mark tried to make me leave it behind, but I'm very superstitious about it. So I insisted

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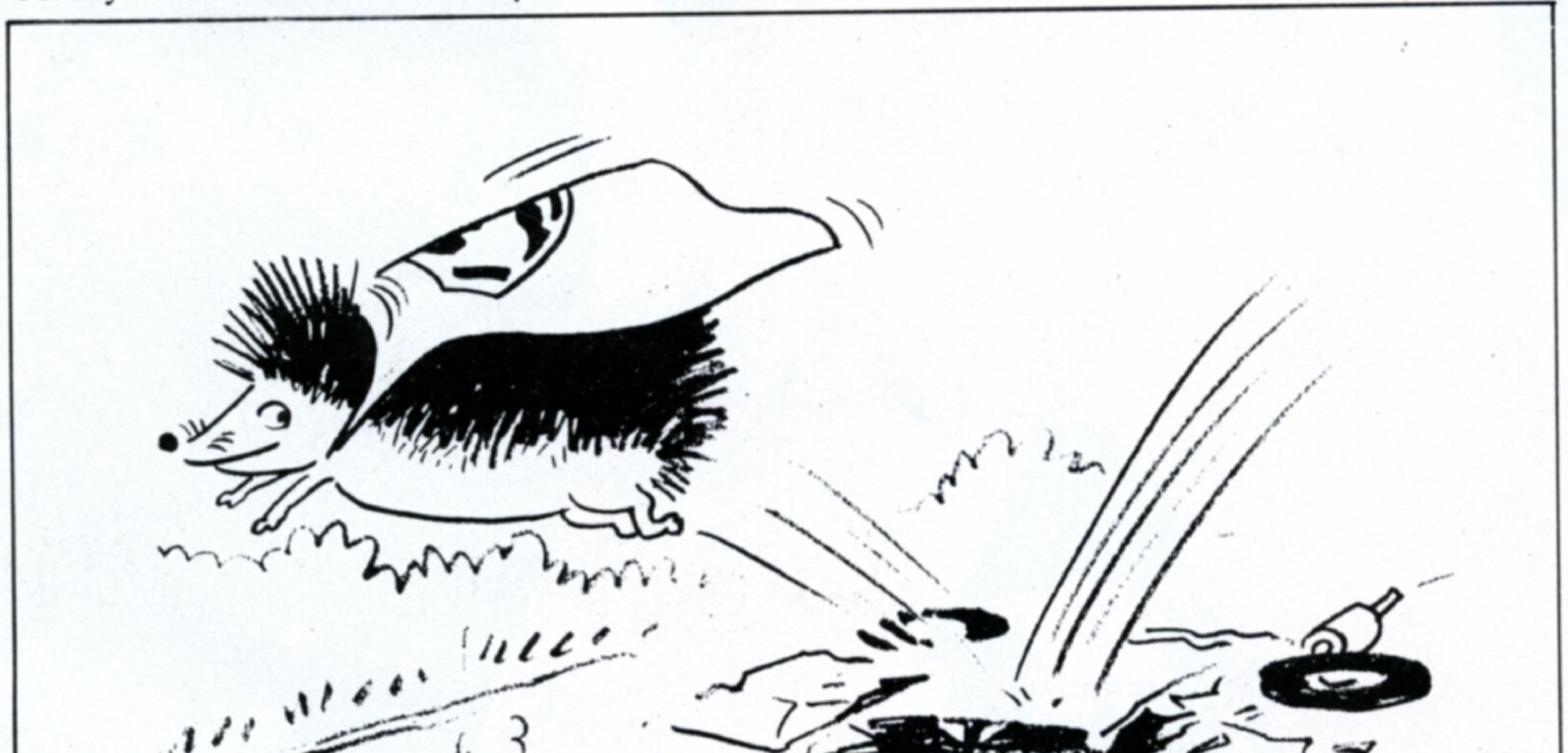

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

on going back. When I got there, I realised that I'd have to actually get in the shower to reach it. There was no way that I was going to take my shoes and stockings off to cross the slippery floor. Besides it was only two steps, what could go wrong? In six inch high heels (I'm only five foot two, you see), quite a lot. As I reached out, my left foot slid, and to regain my balance, my heel went into the plug hole, and I fell-splat! — bum first into a puddle of cold water on the floor of the shower. I gave a yelp, and sat feeling the wetness seep through the skirt and my knickers. Still trapped by my heel, I called for Mark to come and help.

When he saw me sitting in the pool of water, instead of helping, he roared with laughter. I suppose I was a bit annoyed at first, especially when he made no move to get me out at all. Besides my bottom was getting cold, and I knew I'd have to change before we went out. I didn't know that Mark had seen this as an opportunity to stay in, and have some fun. Then, I realised as instead of freeing my heel, he put his hand on the shower tap.

'Oh no, Mark!' I cried, then I felt the first trickle of water fall on my head. I screamed a bit. It was cold, and I thought of how long it had taken to style my hair and put my make-up on. My hair is long and blonde, and takes a lot of brushing and waving, and as the cold water began to run down it, I was not pleased. But instead of responding to pleas for him to turn it off, Mark turned it on full, and I was being soaked slowly as I sat in the shower. The water got warmer, but I was still shouting as I felt my clothes getting drenched. The black skirt and stockings were being plastered to my legs, my shoes filling up with water. Within seconds my hair had fallen over my eyes, and my make up was running down my cheeks. But I suppose the greatest transformation was my blouse. As soon as the white satin got wet, it became completely transparent, revealing my boobs perfectly in their black lacy bra. As I looked down I might as well have not been wearing it, it was so see-through and clinging. The black skirt seemed to be even tighter too, as the soaking material clung to my legs.

I'd stopped screaming now, and, peering up between the remains of my hairstyle, I could see that Mark's reaction had changed as well. The see-through blouse and sodden skirt were having a volcanic effect in his less-than-roomy jeans. I knew then that we weren't going out.

Seeing how much my wet state was turning him on, I started to play up to it. I ran my hands along my drenched skirt, then up to my blouse. Then I held my boobs in my hands, through the transparent material, as an open invitation for him to do the same. It worked, and very quickly.

Without thinking about the shower still being on, Mark climbed in, and ran his hands everywhere mine had just been. He clenched my sodden bum as he helped me to my feet, one still wedged in the plughole. He pushed the hair back from my face, and we started kissing, deep and long, whilst he slipped his hands around to my boobs. All the time, the warm water was cascading down over both of us, and I was beginning to find the sight of his black jeans hugging the contours of his legs, and the wet shirt clinging to his hairy chest, pretty exciting too.

I began to pull the press studs on the front of his shirt apart to reveal more of the matted hair I like so much, and this seemed to inspire Mark to do the same. He undid my blouse at the front sufficiently to unclip my front-fastening bra, and let my boobs free. In his clinging jeans, I could feel how excited he was getting. It had to be let out. Still kissing deeply, I undid his zip, and manoeuvred his cock out of its warm wet home. He was really enjoying himself, and as he tongued my nipples, I was getting pretty hot myself. I let him carry on sucking and kissing my breasts, as I lifted my head up to feel the water cascading down my face. His cock was still in my hand. It was beginning to jerk uncontrollably but I wasn't letting him off that lightly.

With my nipples sticking out like pieces of chalk, I began to kneel down in the cramped shower. There was about an inch of water in the bottom, and my shoes and stockings were being ruined but that didn't bother me now. It was also quite tricky, still having my heel stuck, but I held on to the top of Mark's thighs as I slid down.

Immediately I took his cock in one hand. It was red hot, or seemingly so, as I began to run my tongue around the knob. I knew he was about to come, so I wouldn't have to do much, unfortunately. In fact, I only had to slide him between my lips, in and out for a couple of strokes before I felt that lovely salty taste in the back of my throat. But, I wanted more, even under the

turn to page 110

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Michelle

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

If 20-year-old Michelle Gordon's ambition is fulfilled, we will be seeing a lot more of her in the future. For she wants to become a celebrity and show off her lithe 36-24-36 figure on *Page Three*. 'I would like to become a household name, and be rich and famous.' But at the moment she can't make up her mind what area of showbusiness to choose. Michelle already has the much sought-after Equity card, which she obtained through working as a dancer at various promotions and shows. And in fact she has been seen dancing on the television in the successful situation comedy series *Don't Wait Up* which is about two doctors. Michelle appeared in a scene set at a party.

Michelle was brought up in the small village of Hebden Bridge, near Halifax, and went to a private school in Leeds. Leaving school at 16, she went to Whittakers modelling school in Leeds where she learned tips of the trade like make-up and hairdressing. Then she decided to take a big step. 'I came down to London on my own when I was 17.' Michelle was lucky enough to meet some dancers who told her where various auditions were being held, and she hasn't looked back. She has danced at disco promotion shows, helping publicise everything from beer to jacuzzis, and even at the Earls Court toy fair. Michelle goes in for modern dance, Hot Gossip style, but said, 'I wouldn't want to be in a group.'

Michelle says dancing is an ideal way of keeping fit and having fun at the same time. She also keeps herself in good shape by weight training with dumbells every day. She lives in her own flat in Bayswater with her two Yorkshire terriers, Danny and Heidi, and goes horse-ridnig whenever she gets the chance. For relaxation Michelle enjoys drawing, and prefers modern abstract designs. 'But I'm not very good.' In the evening she likes going out to *Langan's Brasserie* her favourite restaurant, or a party. When it comes to men, Michelle prefers them to be, 'young, trendy, happy, tall, dark and handsome. I like men who look after their bodies, not slobs or wimps.' She doesn't have a regular boyfriend.

As a University lecturer I'd never got involved with my students. But with Helena I fell — quite literally. As I tripped I grabbed the nearest support — her left buttock. See one and you wanted both

THE DEAN AND I

Fiction by Peter Samson

Helena has, as Chaucer might have put it, a terrific arse. Well, to be honest with you, Chaucer wouldn't have put it like that at all. In Chaucer's day terrific meant 'causing terror', which is something Helena's arse never did.

The arse in question is composed of two wonderfully round buttocks. See one, and you want the set. See both of them, provocatively clad in elasticated denim, and you want to be shipwrecked on a desert island with them and their owner, and never be rescued. Ever.

The day on which I was first to become intimately acquainted with Helena and her wonderful backside had dawned no brighter than any other. It was a Monday, and I'd arrived late and unshaven for a ten o'clock lecture on the origins of drama and Ancient Greece. Being a university lecturer has its moments, but ten past ten on a Monday morning has never been one of them, especially when faced with fifty-two hung-over students who look intent on hibernating their way through your attempts to explain the ritual dances of the Greek religion to them. And when the Dean of the Faculty is standing at the dias attempting to memorise his watch face, you can be sure that there will be other moments of your life which you will remember more fondly.

'Morning, Dean,' I said brightly. 'Sorry I'm late — traffic.'

'I beg your pardon, Professor Lawson?'

'Traffic,' I repeated. 'There was a lot of traffic on the roads this morning.'

'You'd hardly expect it to be on the pavements,' said the Dean with a wintry smile. 'Otherwise the City Fathers wouldn't have bothered laying roads. I daresay they might have made the pavements wider, though.'

I swear the old bastard wasn't joking. He'd inherited a number of strange traits from his poor unmarried mother, but a sense of humour wasn't one of them. He swept out of the room, his gown flapping behind him like Count Dracula's favourite overcoat.

The lecture passed without incident — apart from the point where I dropped the blackboard ruler, and woke up a spotty looking youth in the second row. He shot me an irritated look, turned over and went back to sleep.

It was afterwards, as I made my way along the covered walkway that connects the Arts Faculty building to the Refectory, that Helena's bum

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walked into my life. Actually, Helena's legs walked into my life but her bum was at the top of them so it amounts to the same thing.

I was irresistibly drawn to it. The fullness of it, the roundness of it, the graceful way it undulated beneath its modest covering of blue denim. I fell into step behind Helena, unaware at that point that she was Helena. At that point she was simply the owner of the most gorgeous *derrière* I had ever had the pleasure of ogling.

That was when I tripped. Possibly over my tongue, but more probably over a loose shoelace. As I fell I made a grab for the nearest means of support, which happened to be Helena. I succeeded only in bringing Helena down too. I was dazed for a split second, and when I came to I found myself lying on the floor with my arms round her thighs, and my face pressed against her buttocks. Helena was leaning on one elbow, surveying me coolly over one shoulder.

'Am I in Heaven?' I asked confusedly.

'Professor Lawson,' she said, not bothering to conceal her amusement, 'if you want to have coffee with me you have only to ask. Throwing me to the floor, and kissing my arse may be a fine demonstration of your sincerity, but it's hardly necessary.'

I spluttered with embarrassment.

'I'm terribly sorry — I tripped.'

'A Freudian trip, perhaps.'

'It was a genuine accident,' I protested desperately.

'Try telling me that when you don't have your face buried in my bum.'

I scrambled to my feet, and helped her up. As I was brushing her down, I saw the Dean standing at the far end of the corridor, staring at me with a bleak expression on his face. He turned abruptly and walked off.

'I believe you invited me for a coffee,' said Helena.

'I did?'

'You did,' she said firmly, and led the way.

Over coffee I had the chance to examine the rest of Helena which was every bit as mouthwatering as her backside. Soft shoulder-length hair formed a jet black frame to a heart-shaped face in which two cool blue eyes stared out over a pert nose and a soft, wide Cupid's mouth. She looked to be about twenty-four, a bit older than your average student.

'I was surprised at you making a grab for my bum, Professor,' Helena said, sipping her coffee daintily. 'I'd have figured you for a tits man.'

I made the kind of noise you make when you've just inhaled half a cup of coffee, and then attempted to bluster it out. I donned my best air of bravado.

'In your case I would be willing to convert my faith,' I said, gesturing towards her perfect breasts, only partially concealed by a cutaway T-shirt that was more cutaway than it was T-shirt. She was very obviously not wearing a bra. She was also very obviously laughing.

'You haven't used your air of bravado in a while, have you?' she snickered.

I was defeated.

'Well,' I admitted, 'I don't use it very often here at the University.'

'Oh no, of course not,' she said seriously. 'Professor Lawson doesn't sleep with his students — usually.' The last word seemed almost like an invitation.

'You seem to know quite a lot about me.'

'I know quite a lot about most of the lecturers, Professor Brown likes boys, for instance.'

'That's common enough knowledge,' I retorted. 'Even Mrs Brown knows that.'

'Yes, but why does she tolerate it.'

'That I don't know,' I admitted.

'Because,' said Helena sagely, 'she is an absolutely rampant nymphomaniac.'

'She is?' I perked up. I had met Mrs Brown, and she looked good enough to eat. In every sense of the word.

'Anything with a pulse,' said Helena drily.

I couldn't help myself. I checked my wrist to make sure my pulse was still beating. Helena laughed.

'Down, Rover,' she said. 'I take it Mrs Brown hasn't seen fit to bestow her favours on you.'

'Not as yet,' I replied sulkily. Helena placed her soft, cool hand on mine.

'Don't worry, Prof. Your time will come. Perhaps she's noticed your failure to screw any of your students, and thinks you're a eunuch.'

I was shocked at the suggestion.

'I am not a eunuch, young lady,' I snapped. 'I merely happen to think that the average eighteen-year-old girl arriving at University is too easily taken advantage of. I would be abusing my position if I slept with any of them.'

'What a profoundly moral man you are,' said Helena, opening her eyes wide, and sighing in mock admiration. She rose to leave. 'You needn't worry though — I'm twenty-five.'

She kissed her fingers, and patted the side of my cheek with them before throwing her bag over her shoulder, and sauntering out casually.

I was astonished. 'I'm twenty-five,' she had said. Did that simple statement hold the promise it appeared to?

My optimistic reverie was interrupted by the Dean as I walked back to the Arts Faculty. He swept to a ghoulish halt before me.

'Professor Lawson,' he grated, 'I was unfortunate enough to witness the disgraceful way you molested that young lady earlier. I will not have it happen again.' He flew off before I had time to understand what he was saying.

Helena turned up next day under the guise of the 'H Halpin' who was on my list of tutorial students, and scheduled for her first head-to-head at eleven o'clock in the morning. She arrived in my study, pink with anger at ten past.

'Sorry I'm late, Prof,' she said distractedly, 'I've just had a strange encounter with the Dean.' She perched on the side of my desk, long slim legs crossed, wearing a distractingly short shift dress.

'Miss Halpin . . .'

'Helena.'

'Helena, wouldn't you prefer to sit on a chair?'

Helena leant sideways on the desk, propped herself on her elbow six inches from my face.

'No thanks, Prof. I like it here.'

I moved my chair back a little from the desk. She was too tempting.

'Don't you want to know about my strange encounter with the Dean? It concerned you. He said if you gave me any more problems I was to speak to him. He apologised for your behaviour. He put his slimy arm round me. I should have kicked his goolies for him.' Her brow creased prettily.

'You don't seem surprised.'

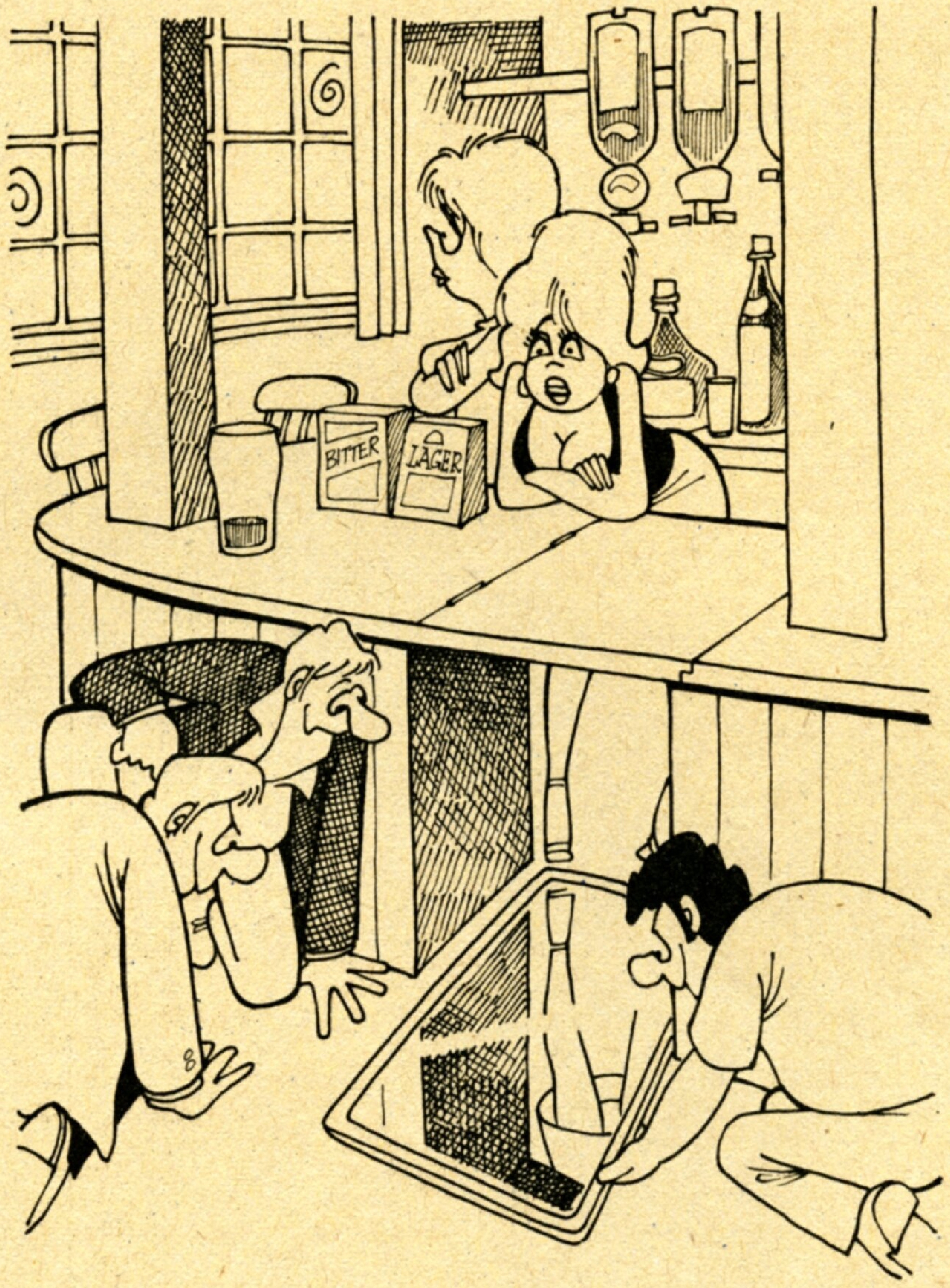
'He spoke to me too,' I said wearily. 'He thinks I jumped you in the corridor.'

'Well, didn't you?'

'No, I did not, Miss Halpin.'

'Helena. But you did enjoy it, didn't you? I could

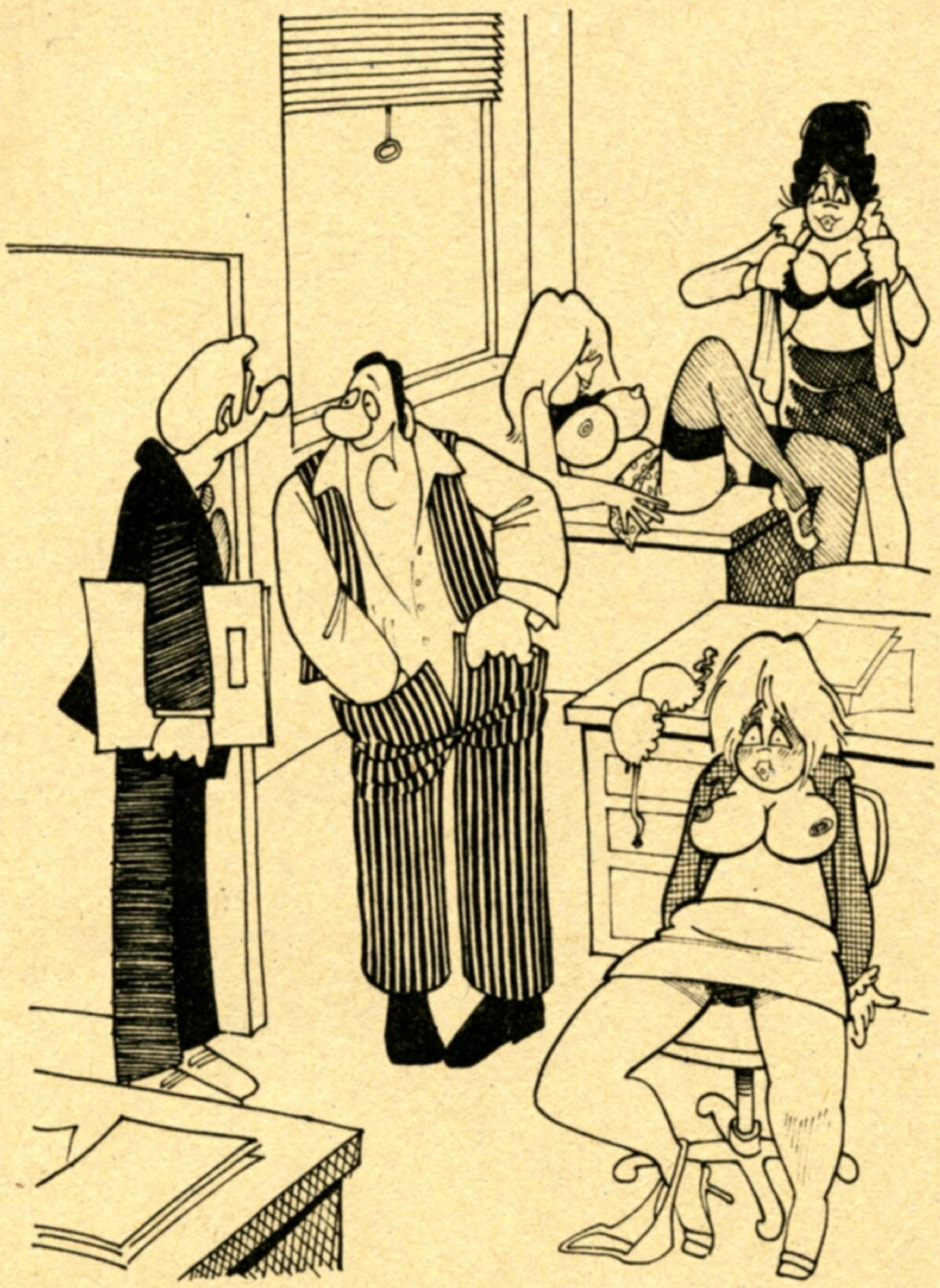
turn to page 102



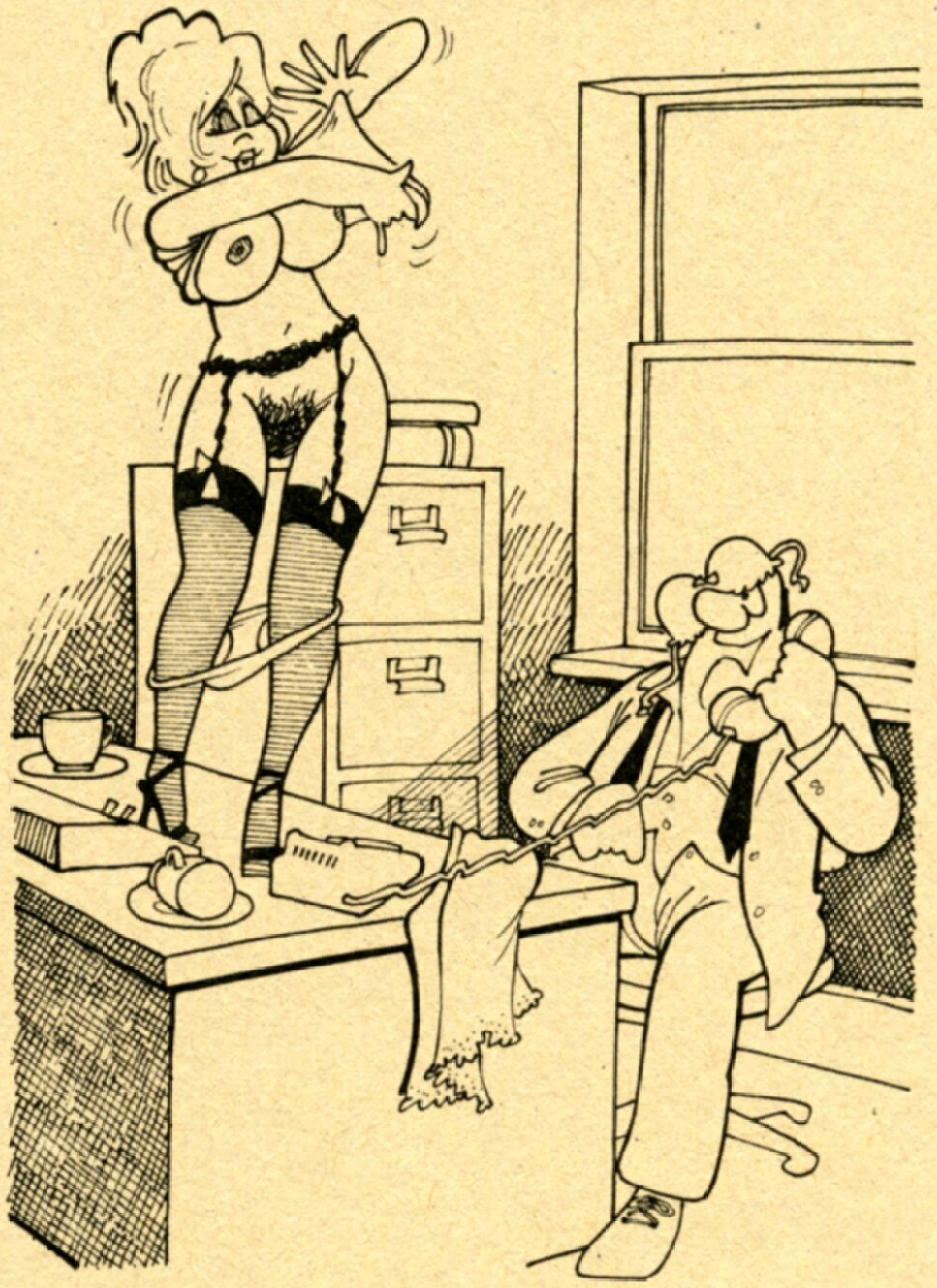
'I don't like it, it's too quiet. The regulars always get up to some stunt on April Fool's Day.'

APRIL FOOLING AROUND

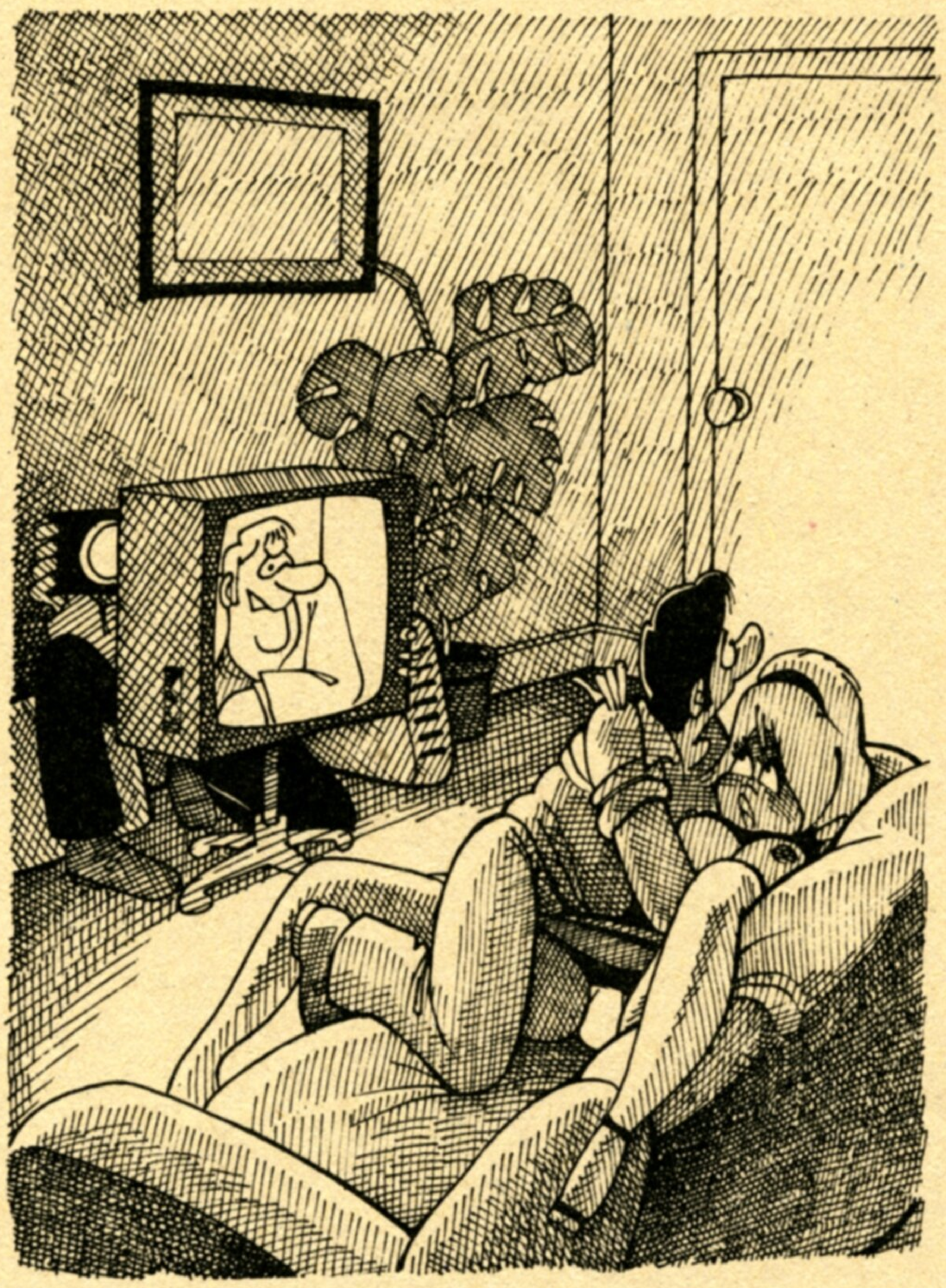
On April the First, says cartoonist Anthony, there's nothing as satisfying as taking in the girls



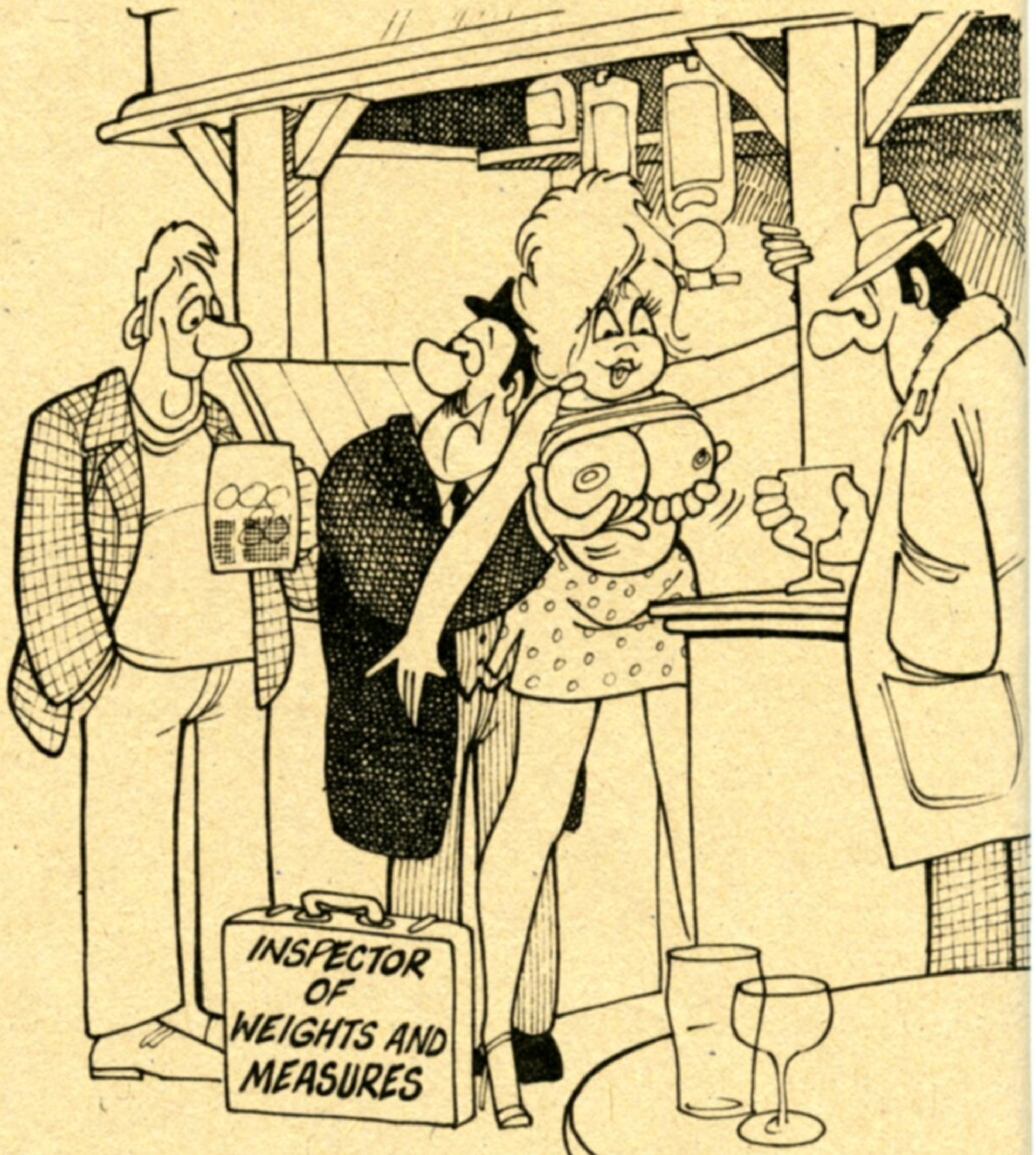
'Best April fool yet! I said I'd have to make one of them redundant but hadn't yet decided who.'



'Thompson, find out who laced Miss Topping's coffee, and give him a rise.'



'I'd better keep an eye on the door, my brother is bound to pull some damn April fool prank on us.'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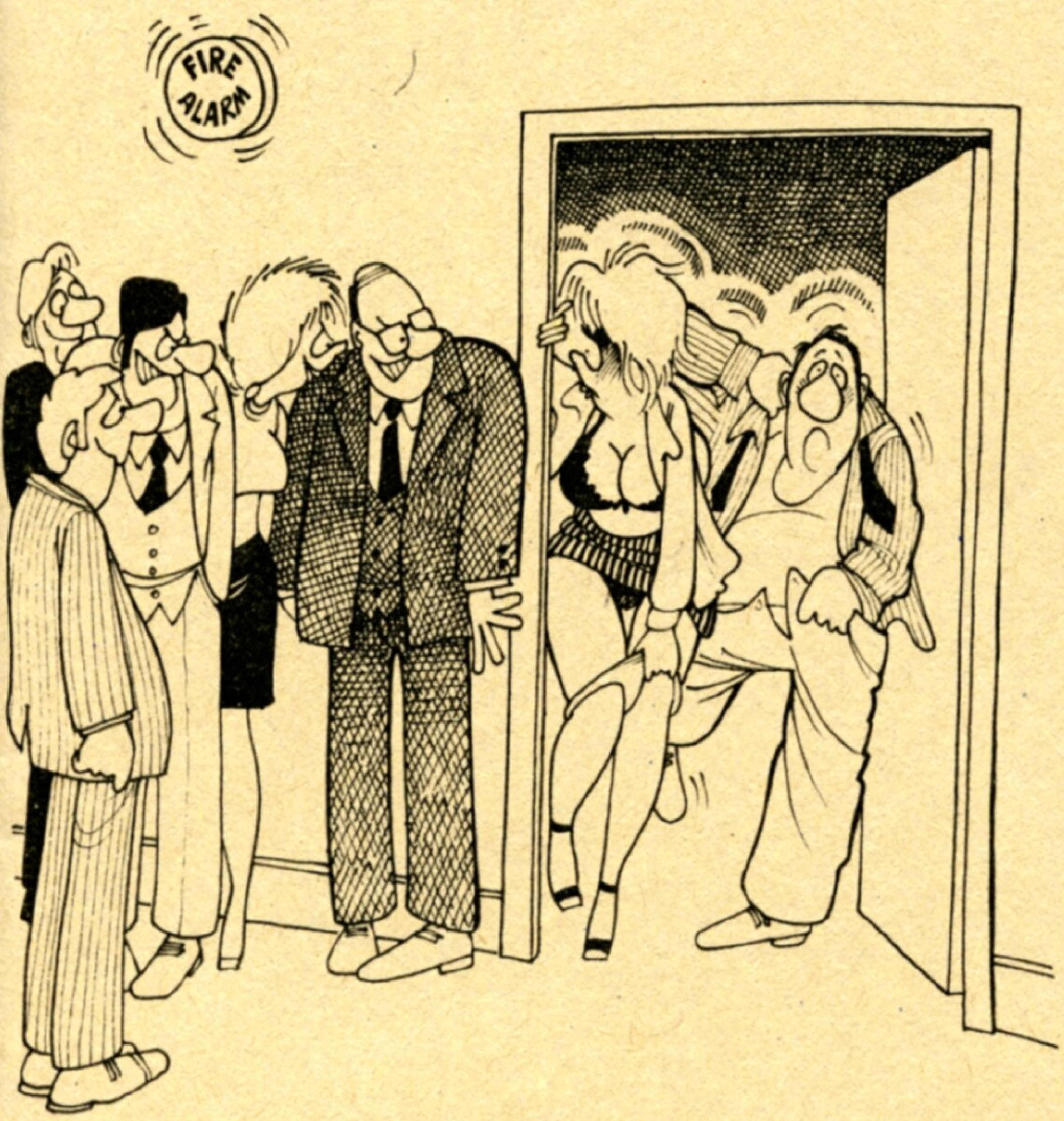
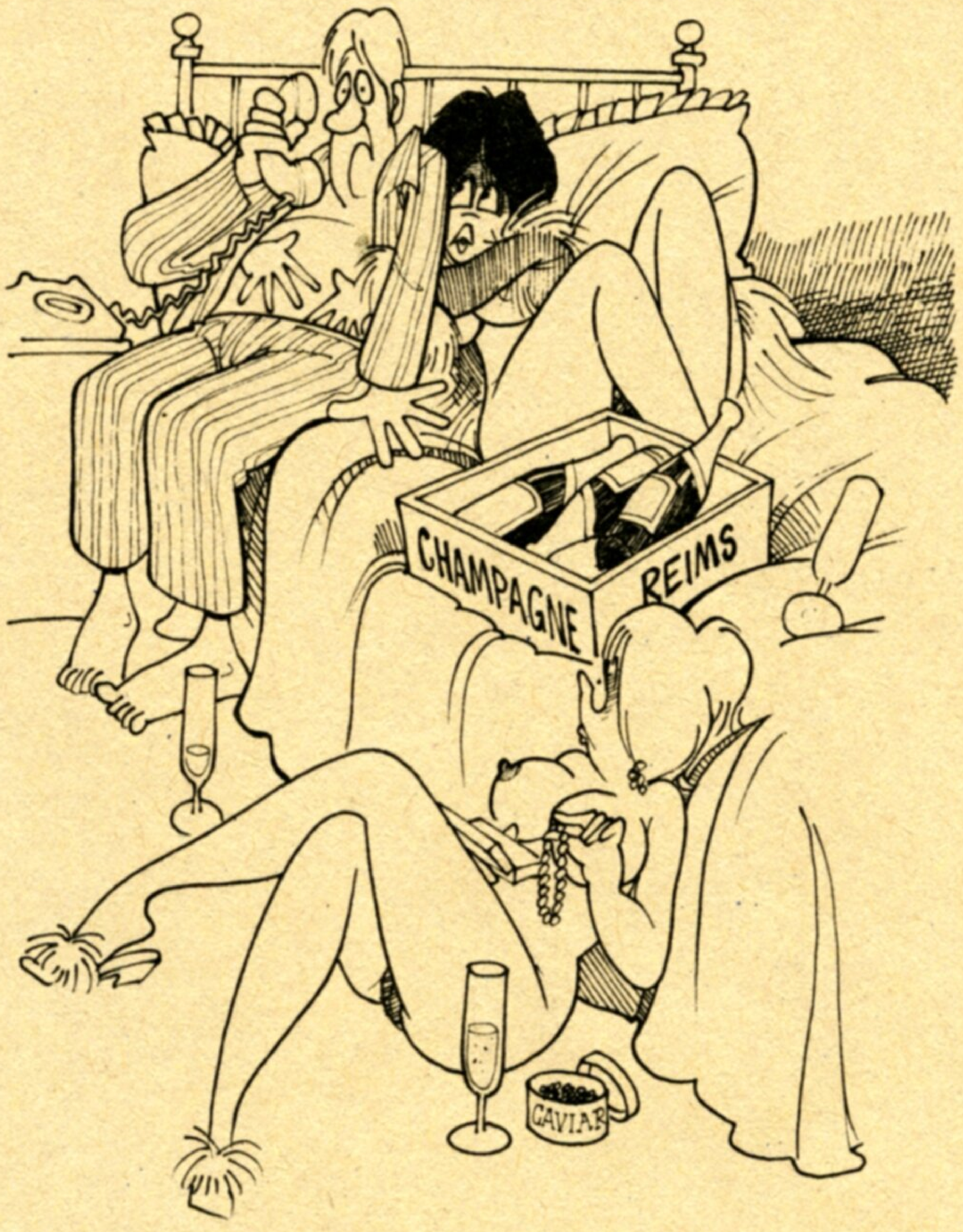
'I'm surprised she's fallen for it a second year.'

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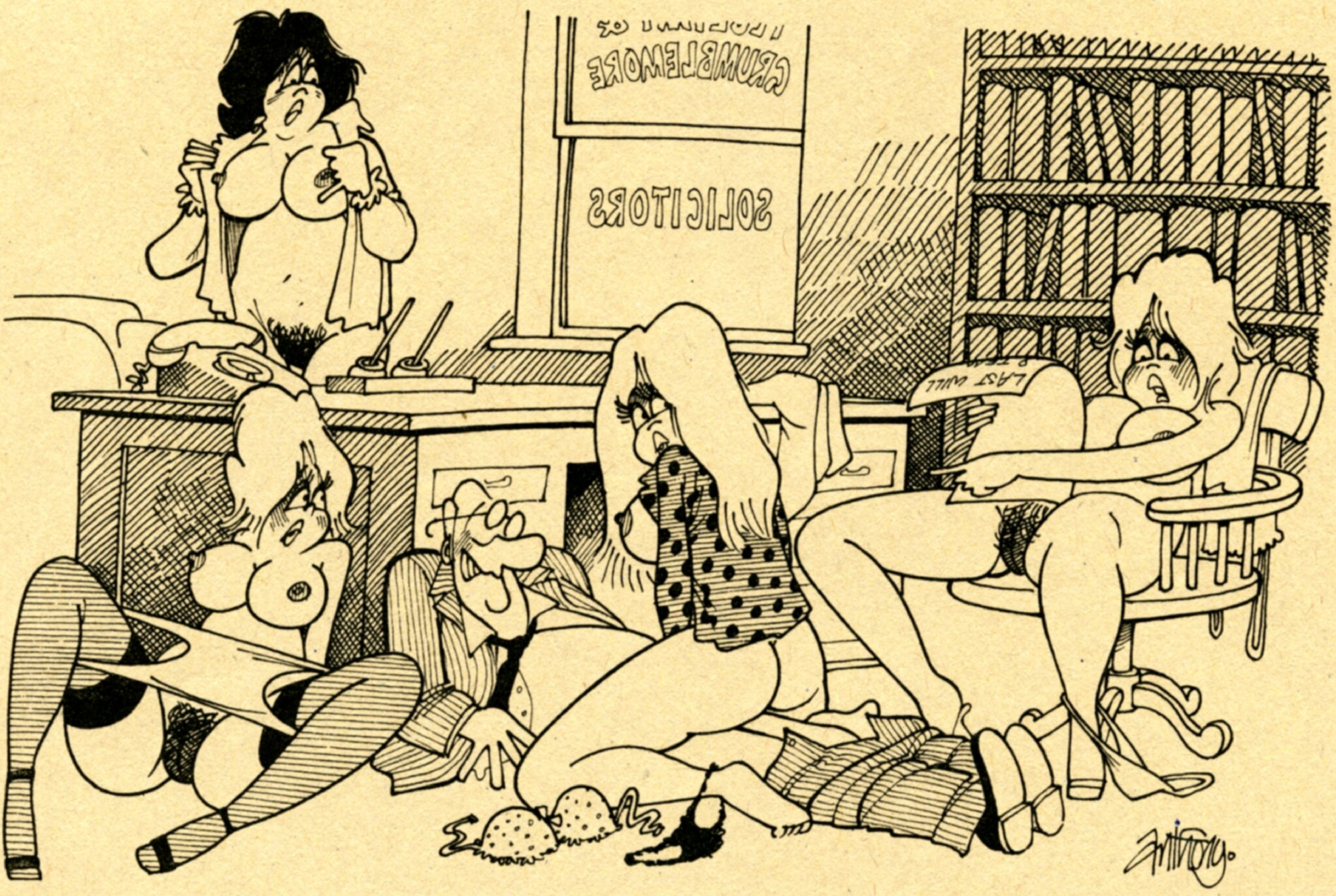
'You mean it was just a silly joke? I haven't inherited half a million pounds.'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Anthony

'Hold it, hold it! There's no mention here of the estate being equally divided between those of us who have sex with him.'

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TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

Yes, you *can* take a holiday in Northern Ireland, and it *is* safe. I had a most enjoyable eight days in the province last September. I went over on *British Airways'* first shuttle from Heathrow's Gate 49 in Terminal 1 to Aldergrove airport in Antrim. I had a very good breakfast on the flight across, and joined Belfast airport's chief executive, Gerry Willis for coffee. He was in a very bullish mood.

'Traffic has increased by 18 per cent in the last two years. When I came here in 1976 our operating surplus was £4,000. In 1985 it reached £2,300,000. There are now 26 American firms doing business in Northern Ireland . . . £800,000,000 of private money is being invested in the City Centre . . . The unfortunate image the media has given the province has done much to discourage more, but the fact is Northern Ireland is a very green and pleasant place,' concluded Mr Willis, an Englishman, from Surrey.

Feeling much more at ease after our meeting I set out to discover the north coast. From Carnlough in Co Antrim, I went up the Coast Road to Fair Head, where the North Channel separates Ireland from Scotland's Mull of Kintyre 13 miles away through the wet cloud. I continued on the top shelf of the province to McGilligan's Point, its most westerly end, on the bottleneck of the grey dappled waters of Lough Foyle facing the Inishowen peninsula and dear old Donegal in the Irish Republic.

Northern Ireland is a driving pleasure; well-signposted, well-surfaced roads, not much traffic, and a Scots orderliness and attention to detail. On through Ballymena I drove, and back to Carnlough, where I picked up the Antrim Coast Road along by the Irish Sea. The sea was a flat grey and calm. I was still glad of neat, white-painted, stones on the high coast road to keep a driver's attention from wandering.

At Garron Point I dropped down into a magnificent view of Red Bay, with its fine curving beach at the foot of Glengariff, one of Antrim's celebrated glens. The sea's currents ran into each other like angry terrier pups. To swim out of one's depth here would surely be madness.

The undisturbed beauty of the north coast unfolded with coastguard stations, nature reserves, tiny fishing hamlets, (never big enough to be called villages), the occasional small hotel or 'wee' guest house — and not a soul in sight. At Waterfoot, the Glens of Antrim *Feis* (an Irish music and dancing gathering) is held every July. Ann Murray, who lived to be a hundred and sold *potheen*, lived nearby in Nanny's Cave. Up towards Benmore, or Fair Head, the Irish Sea turns the corner into the North Atlantic Ocean. But first I reached Cushendun. This beach village at the foot of Glendun has trees growing down to the water's edge with posts stuck on the sands, like matchsticks in a cribbage board, to prevent erosion. Once there I picked out the tiny sign saying 'Scenic Route', on a stone wall to the right as I left, and enjoyed a mainly first and second-gear drive past Torr Head to Murlough Bay, one of Ireland's most beautiful. Do take the road to the summit, Ireland's north-east corner. It's an eerie tableland of rock and heather — Ptolemy's *Robogdunum*.

If you continue, you sight Raghery — Rathlin Island — where they spoke Scots Gallic until the outbreak of the Great War. And down on Ballycastle harbour is Marconi's monument to the day in 1898 when he established wireless communication with Rathlin. Ballycastle is Littlehampton-ish, with tennis courts and a sunken bowling green — a town of B and B guest houses at £8.50 a night.

Next I came to Ballintoy, and White Park Bay, and admired the limestone cottages, harbour-lettes, and Penprase Folly, a cubist house built by a mad artist. The sea foamed in over black rocks, and I noticed a thatched cottage-cum-tea-room with a plastic protected roof to save it from scrounging gulls. This is *Quiet Man* country, a painter's paradise, a photographer's dream. Equally so is Port Bradden, a hamlet with six houses and gas lamps, with private sea-front gardens just across the road. At last, I reached The Giant's Causeway. Time to get out and walk from two to five miles, and gaze at the thousands of strangely symmetrical basalt columns along majestic cliffs and bays.

Said the man from the tourist office:

'People who go to Benidorm and Majorca are holiday takers. If you come to Northern Ireland you are a holiday *maker*.'

For further information contact: Northern Ireland Tourist Board, River House, 48 High Street, Belfast (Tel: 0252 231221).

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*******A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring**
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

*** ♡♡♡ **Heartbreakers** (18), 1 hr 39 mins. Greater love hath no man than one who lays down for his friend a bare-breasted blonde with a bust measurement well into the 40s. That, at least, seems to be the inference when rich, handsome ragtrade executive Eli (Nick Mancuso) selflessly moves aside for his impoverished artist buddy Blue (Peter Coyote), while both are fondling the astonishing mammaries of Candy (Carol Wayne), Blue's favourite model. It may be, of course, that Eli is too tired after bedding his aerobics instructress (Jamie Rose) — a girl who prefers not to climax because it wastes energy. Or that he's falling fast for Lilianne (Carol Laure), a sleek, narcissistic art gallery assistant whose favourite seduction trick is simply to drop the front of her dress. Complicated? So are the lives of these two restless, thirtyish men-about-Los Angeles. Eli finds seduction too easy and just wants a steady relationship; Blue wants to be a genius, and get back his girlfriend of five years (Kathryn Harrold) who's just left him for a successful artist. But when Blue suddenly strikes it rich his love life gets even more tangled. A funny and involving tale about sex, friendship and art.

**** ♡♡ **Commando** (18), 1 hr 30 mins. Suspending a villain over a precipice by one foot, ex-Special Operations commando John Matrix (Arnold Schwarzenegger) advises him to reveal the whereabouts of his (Matrix's) kidnapped daughter. 'Hurry up,' he warns, 'this is my weak arm.' When the villain can't help, Matrix simply drops him. 'Where's Solly?' asks newfound air hostess girlfriend Cindy (Rae Dawn Chong). 'I let him go,' says Matrix. Dry wit and non-stop violent action enliven this comic-book yarn of murder, revenge and more murder. Matrix is blackmailed by ousted South American dictator Arius (Dan Hedaya) into assassinating the democratic president Matrix helped install. Not a man to be intimidated, Matrix promptly leaps off a South American-bound airliner (in flight) and single-handedly takes on the ex-dictator's heavily-armed privates, none of whom fortunately can shoot straight.

**** ♡♡ **Young Sherlock Holmes** (PG), 2 hrs. Even at his London public school, the teenaged Holmes (Nicholas Rowe) was, we learn here, displaying the deductive powers that were later to make him the Great Detective. When not imbibing bizarre science at the feet of a lunatic professor who inhabits the school's attic — and incidentally canoodling with his attractive daughter (Sophie Ward) — he's plaguing young Sergeant Lestrade at the Yard with theories about a series of apparently 'accidental' deaths. They are, of course, perpetrated by a murderous Egyptian sect operating from a giant wooden pyramid concealed in a dockland warehouse. Produced by Steven Spielberg, the film mixes Indiana Jones-style thrills with cheekily knowing references forward to Conan Dolye's great tales — saving the best for after the end titles, so don't rush straight off to the pub.

*** ♡♡ **Lady Jane** (15), 2 hrs 20 mins. Forced by callously ambitious parents to marry the drunken, lecherous 17-year-ol son of a powerful duke, Lady Jan Grey (Helena Bonham Carter) — shy 15-year-old whose idea of fu is to read Plato in the origina Greek — believes she's doomed She is, but not in the way sh expects. Within days of marrying pert-breasted Lady Jane and he new husband (Cary Elwes) are dis covering carnal delights in th marital bed — and promptly fal passionately in love. A few mor days and the reason for the mar riage becomes clear. Henry VIII' only male heir is dead, and a plo has been hatched to usurp the nex in line — Catholic Queen Mary – with a more distant Protestan claimant — 'Queen Jane'. Tw idealistic teenagers promptly tak up the English crown — for jus nine days — before both end up o the block. Superb performance enliven a rather plodding cinemati debut by RSC director Trevo Nunn but the true story's powe shows through.

*** ♡ **Year Of The Quiet Su** (15). 1 hr 46 mins. In 1946 in bleak, war-ravaged town in Polan a disaffected American soldie (Scott Wilson) falls for a demur widow (Maja Komorowska) wh is unable to believe she has an more right to happiness. A quiet, telling,superbly-acted tale.

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M214

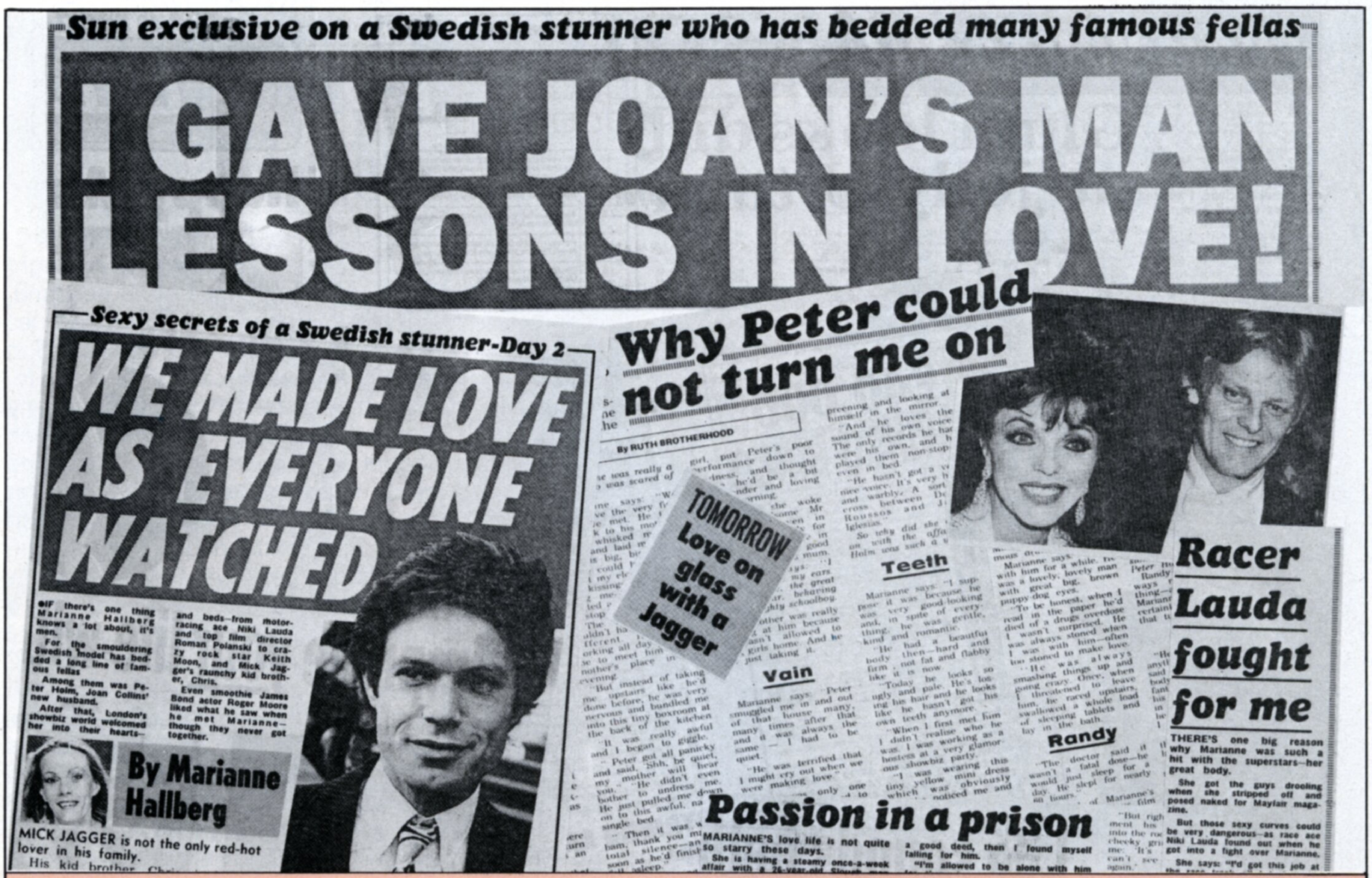
EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

Just as one might expect to get the best Chinese cuisine in Gerrard Street, that area of Soho dominated by Chinese restaurants, so I would feel that one must look to the Greek quarter of Camden Town, Euston, and Mornington Crescent, for Hellenic perfection. The **Kolossi Castle** *(265 Eversholt St., London NW1. Tel: 01-388 8533)* has now been taken back into Greek hands. The new occupiers are father and son, Evangelos and Patros or Peter Petrou, whose standards of cuisine are considerably higher than the average taverna: much in the same way as the *Gaylord* restaurants in the West End have distanced their Indian food from the High Street curry house. *Kolossi* has been redecorated with button banquettes, a re-built bar, pea-green tablecloths, and stylish earthenware condiment sets with floral embroidery. I asked them to spoil me, with lots of a little, and they did. First, a plate of olives, celery and *piperies*, followed by a twin mix of *houmous* and *taramosalata* (80p) with a basket of piping hot *pitta* bread at 20p per portion. On my left a deep bowl of Greek (*fetta* cheese) salad, as I tasted a slice of *lounza* (really succulent grilled smoked pork loin, £1) and two hot spicy dollops of *loukaniko* (grilled pork sausage in wine and black pepper 80p). As I munched happily away, with a glass or two of *plaka*, Evangelos re-appeared and gave me *basta*. *Basta* are raw pieces of pork marinated for several days in wine and coriander, left to dry, and heated just before serving. They are absolutely delicious, not on the menu, but available if you ask for them. I also had tastes of *pastourma* (80p) and *dolmades* (£1). The former another spicy sausage, of paprika and beef mixed. I had to try the *Kolossi's moussaka* (£3), which was as good as any other I have ever tasted, and then we all sat down, and had those treacly, almondified, milk and honeyed Greek pastries with lovely sounding names that glide over the calories. *Paglava* (puff pastry with almonds), and *galadopoureco*, which is delicate *fillo* pastry with semolina custard. The *Kolossi* also has the largest selection of Greek and Cypriot wines I have encountered in London at an average £3.90 per bottle.

Not far away, in Camden Town itself, at *9 Parkway NW1 (01-485 8058)* is another interesting restaurant, owned by Yavuz Yaylali, an extremely anglified Turkish gentleman, and Patricia Toward. It is open all week from ten in the morning until midnight, and has an excellent French chef, Gaston Dupuit, who prides himself on his range of authentic international dishes. From Turkey the *borek* (paper thin pastry filled with *feta* cheese and parsley) was absolutely delicious. It came as an inspired second course after *hummus* (£1.25), and one of the house specials, Indonesian chicken kebab, marinated pieces of breast, cooked on charcoal, and served with a peanut sauce (£3.70). **Nine Parkway** (which doubles as name of the restaurant) back their innovative menu with a fair wine list. The house wine, *Phillipe Bouchard*, is a dry cuvée bottled at St. Jean des Vignes, costing £5.55 a litre, £2.25 a demi, and 95p per glass. I tried a demi of the house claret *(1983 Chateau Jean du Gay)* at £2.75. It was pleasantly rounded, with none of the red inkishness of some of the cheaper clarets. *Nine Parkway* attracts vegetarians, an ever-rising army, these days. *Tuna pasta bake* (£2.75) is wholewheat pasta with spicy tomato sauce, and *casata vegetale* (£2.75) layers of aubergine, potato, sauce provencale, and bechamelle, oven baked. Even the simple *spaghetti Bolognaise* (1.95) gets the *Nine Parkway* treatment. The tomato sauce is much spicier and full of herbs. In decor, the restaurant is *Strikes*-ish; warm, and friendly.

I dropped by Jimmy Cressy's **San Domenico** on the London side of the *Portsmouth Road, Cobham, Surrey (Tel: 0932 63006)* the other lunchtime. Their new *Tavola Calda* or hot table has been opened as an adjunct to the main restaurant in this popular Surrey Hills *trattoria*. It is not open Sundays, but during the week certainly fulfils the need for that quick snack and glass or two of wine. Plates of various *quiches* with help-yourself trimmings of salads begin at £3, there is steak and kidney pudding available for £3.75, and roasts also with salads and jacket potatoes. A few desserts and a nice selection of cheese complete this rustic menu. The decor offers red check table cloths in a pleasant room, and dark polished wooden panelling. A good London-Guildford-Portsmouth pit stop.



Sun exclusive on a Swedish stunner who has bedded many famous fellas

I GAVE JOAN'S MAN LESSONS IN LOVE!

Sexy secrets of a Swedish stunner-Day 2

WE MADE LOVE AS EVERYONE WATCHED

●IF there's one thing Marianne Hallberg knows a lot about, it's men.

For the smouldering Swedish model has bedded a long line of famous fellas

Among them was Peter Holm, Joan Collins' new husband.

After that, London's showbiz world welcomed her into their hearts—and beds—from motor-racing ace Niki Lauda and top film director Roman Polanski to crazy rock star Keith Moon, and Mick Jagger's raunchy kid brother, Chris.

Even smoothie James Bond actor Roger Moore liked what he saw when he met Marianne—though they never got together.

By Marianne Hallberg

MICK JAGGER is not the only red-hot lover in his family.

His kid brother

Why Peter could not turn me on

By RUTH BROTHERHOOD

TOMORROW Love on glass with a Jagger

Vain

Teeth

Randy

Passion in a prison

MARIANNE'S love life is not quite so starry these days.

She is having a steamy once-a-week affair with a 26-year-old Slough man

a good deed, then I found myself falling for him.

"I'm allowed to be alone with him

Racer Lauda fought for me

THERE'S one big reason why Marianne was such a hit with the superstars—her great body.

She got the guys drooling when she stripped off and posed naked for Mayfair magazine.

But those sexy curves could be very dangerous—as race ace Niki Lauda found out when he got into a fight over Marianne.

She says: "I'd got this job at

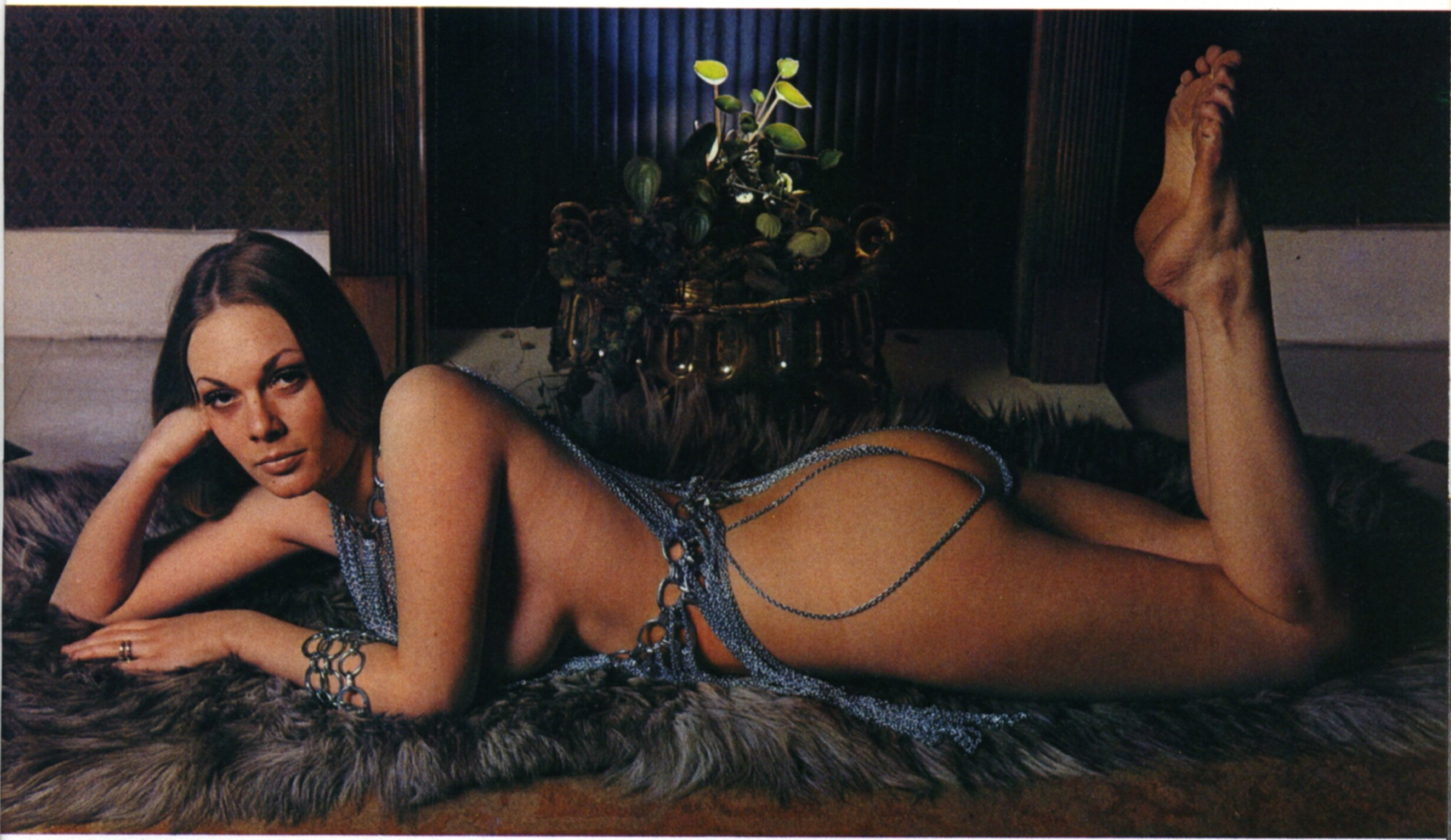
MARIANNE HALLBERG

She's the girl who shared Peter Holm's bed before Joan Collins

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PHILIP O STEARNS

The girls you've asked to see

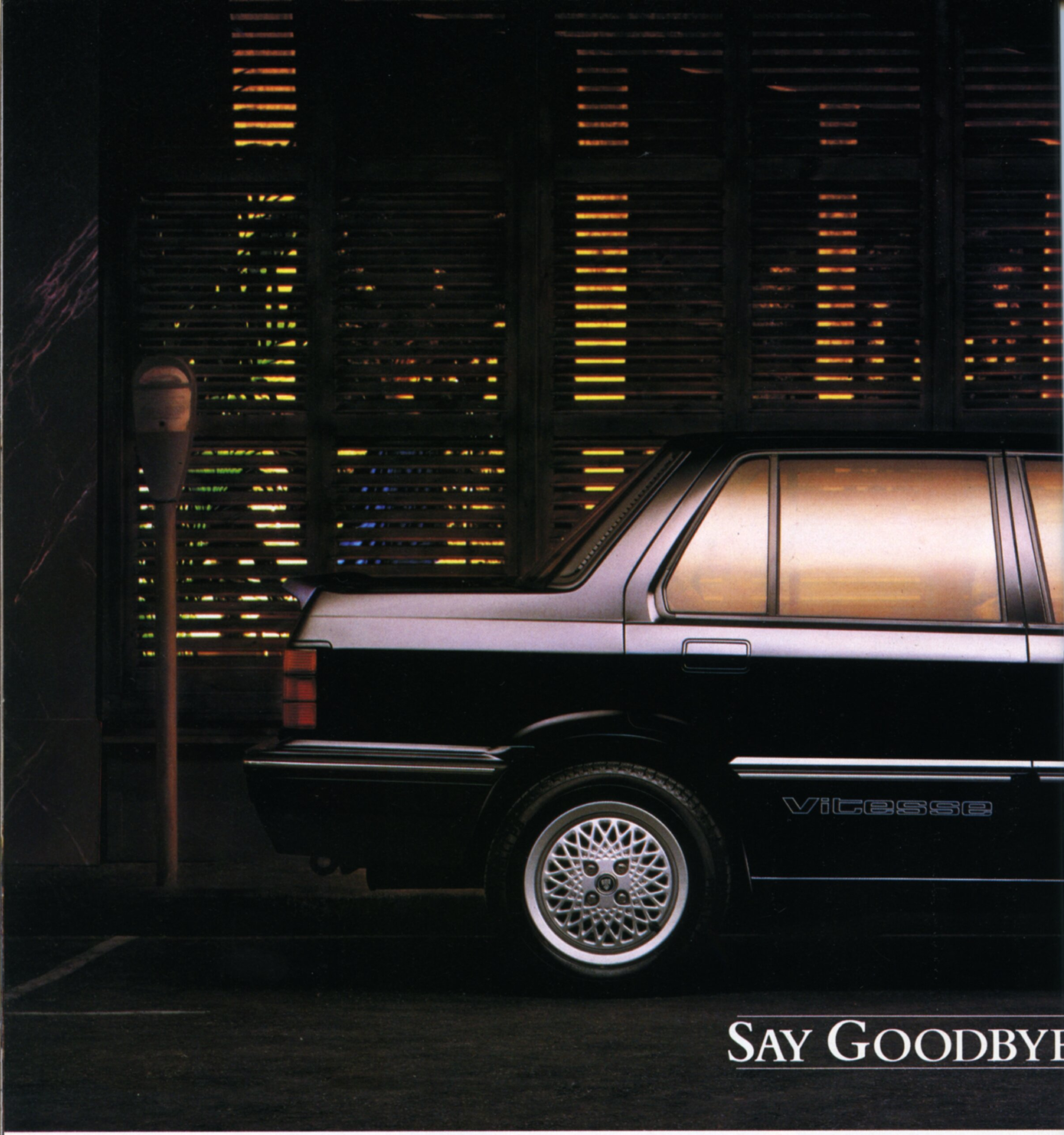
This is the story of Marianne Hallberg, 37, the Swedish stunner, who taught Peter Holm, later Joan Collins' husband, the art of love. Marianne hit the headlines last month when she told millions of *Sun* readers intimate details of her love life. Marianne claims to have bedded many other celebrities including Mick Jagger's brother, Chris, Formula One motor racing driver Niki Lauda, film director Roman Polanski, and Keith Moon, the madcap drummer of The Who pop group. We at *Mayfair* know Marianne from way back when as a young woman she posed for this set of pictures first published in Vol 5 No 7. Indeed, it was that appearance which launched Marianne into London's celebrity circle, and an introduction to Peter Holm. Marianne was working as a hostess at a star-studded party, and didn't recognise Holm at first, but when the pop idol asked her to pose with him for the paparazzi, she began to take an interest. But when it came to bed, Marianne was less than enthusiastic about his performance. 'He was boring,' she said. 'He didn't know where to kiss me to really turn me on. He was an easy act to follow.'



But all that happened many years ago. Today she no longer finds Peter Holm attractive. 'He used to be gorgeous. He had a lovely body then — hard and firm. Now he is pale and so fat. He hasn't got anything else to do but sit round all day. He's very very fat, about 140 kilos.' Marianne also tells of a time Chris Jagger and she made love on a big glass window on the floor at brother Mick's house in the country. 'I thought it a giggle,' she said in *The Sun,* but when she went downstairs she realised that everyone present, including George Harrison, Ringo Starr and the group Santana, could have seen what the two had been doing.

Marianne lives near Malmo with her budgie, Kim, and says she has lost a little weight since she first appeared in *Mayfair*. And as for statistics the one time 38-25-37 says cagily, 'I'm a size 10. All that matters is that I look in the mirror and like what I see.' Marianne's love life is also less hectic, having occasional sex with an English prisoner in Malmo jail, where conjugal

visits are permitted. 'We're allowed to be alone for three hours every Thursday,' she says. Her hobbies these days include writing, reading and watching television, even though it's only on for five hours a day. As for watching Joan Collins in *Dynasty*, the programme alas is not televised in Sweden — though Marianne admits to occasionally sneaking a peek on Danish TV.



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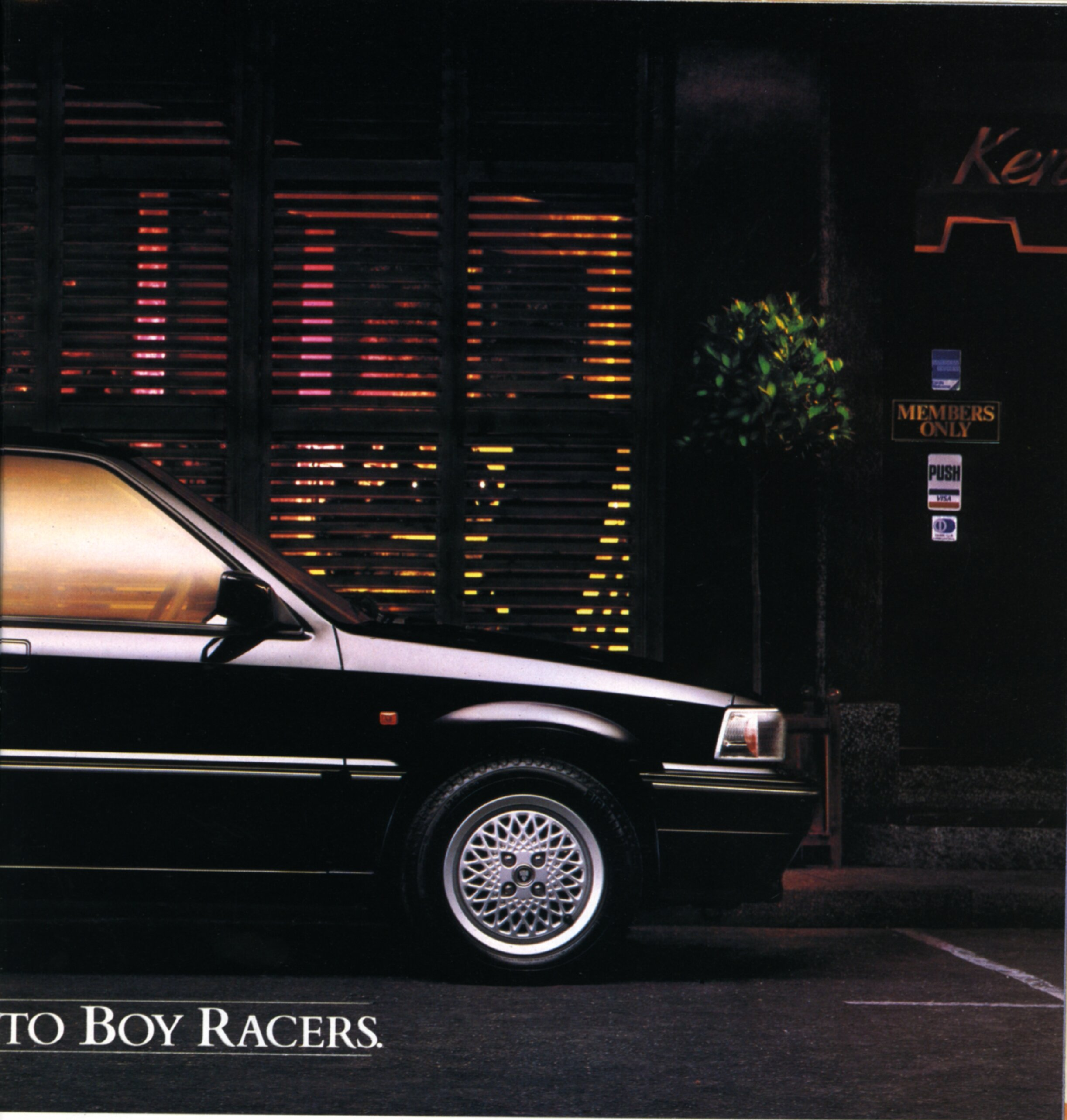

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Fifty years ago this month the first Spitfire took off on its maiden flight. In just a few years its spectacular performance in the Battle of Britain made it the most famous plane of all time, envied even by Nazi aces. Edwyn Gray discovers some lesser known tales behind the legend

SPITFIRE

-THE UNTOLD STORIES

It was high noon on May 23, 1940, and the skies above Calais were clear and cloudless. Alan Deere was flying his 15th combat patrol, and in the course of his 14 previous operations he had seen only one enemy aircraft. Suddenly he found himself facing rather more than he had bargained for. To be precise no fewer than 12 Me 109s. Deere kicked the rudder bar hard to starboard and, with his companion, John Allen, following close on his tail, he threw his machine into a screaming full-throttle dive — the two Spitfires hurtling down on the enemy like a pair of eagles. The young New Zealand pilot's first burst sent a yellow-nosed Messerschmidt plummeting out of control into the sea, and rolling off the top of the loop, he gave chase to a group of five enemy machines which were pursuing Allen's aircraft. Another accurate burst, and a second enemy 109 spiralled to the earth in flames. Outflown and outfought the routed enemy formation fled.

Just two hours later Deere was in the air again with the rest of No 54 squadron. This time they met up with 15 He 111 bombers escorted by nine Me 110 fighters. Deere downed one of the twin-engined 110s — his third confirmed victim in three hours, while the squadron claimed a further ten enemy aircraft destroyed, and two damaged. Once again the Spitfire had proved itself to be the world's greatest fighter, and so it was to remain for many more years. Some earlier exploits of this remarkable flying machine, however, were not quite so glorious.

According to official records the first two aircraft

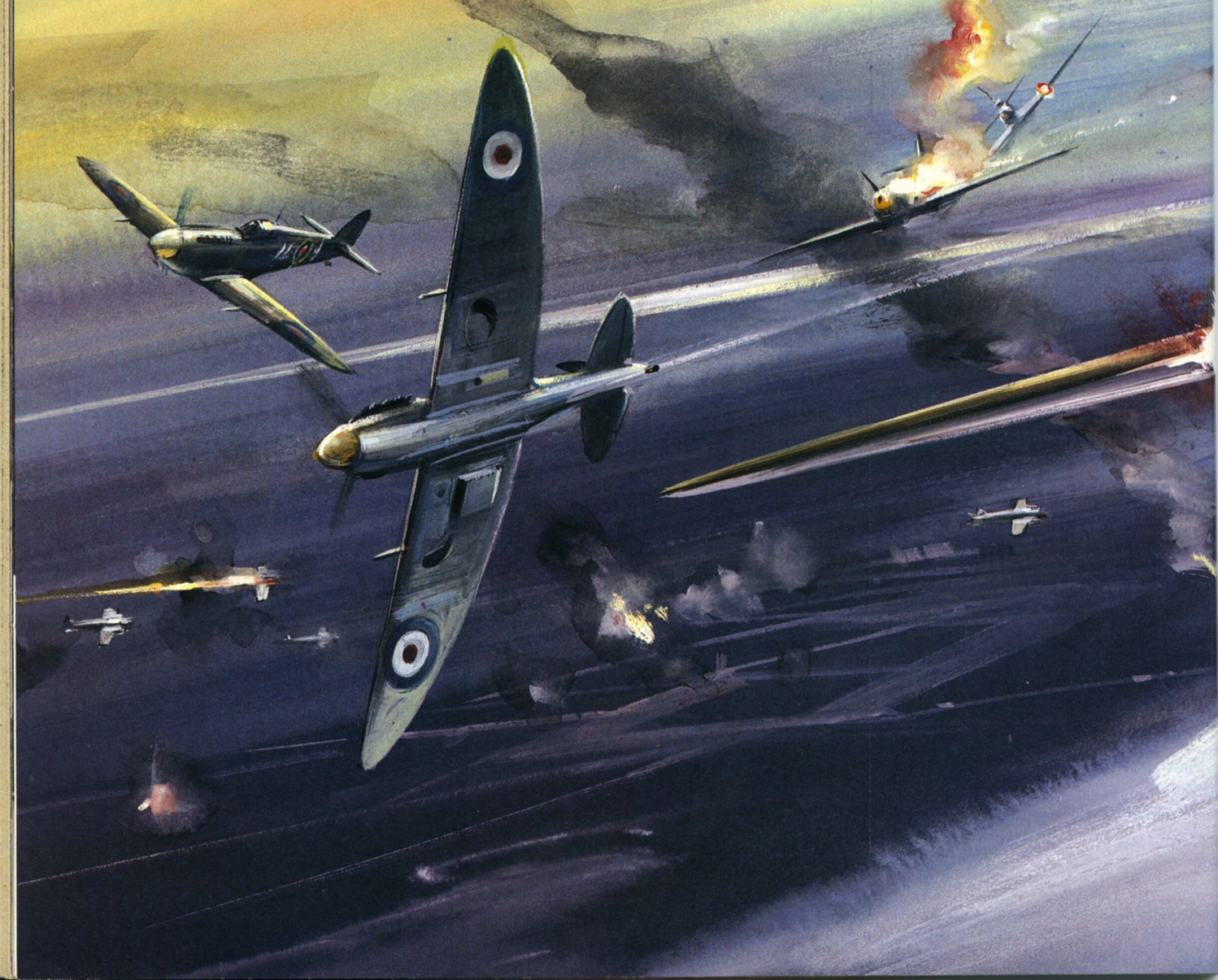


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

shot down by the RAF in World War Two fell victims to Spitfires and Gladiators of 602 and 603 Squadrons when they intercepted a group of Ju 88 bombers which were attempting to raid the Rosyth naval base on October 16, 1939. But these self-same official records fail to mention the notorious Battle of Barking Creek which had taken place some six weeks earlier, during the pre dawn hours of September 6. And in the circumstances, although the battle marked the true date of the Spitfire's first two victims, the omission is perhaps understandable.

It had been generally anticipated that Hitler would launch a devastating bombing attack on London within hours of war breaking out. And a false alarm had, indeed, sent the capital's citizens scurrying for cover minutes after Chamberlain's sombre broadcast announcing Britain's declaration of war on Germany.

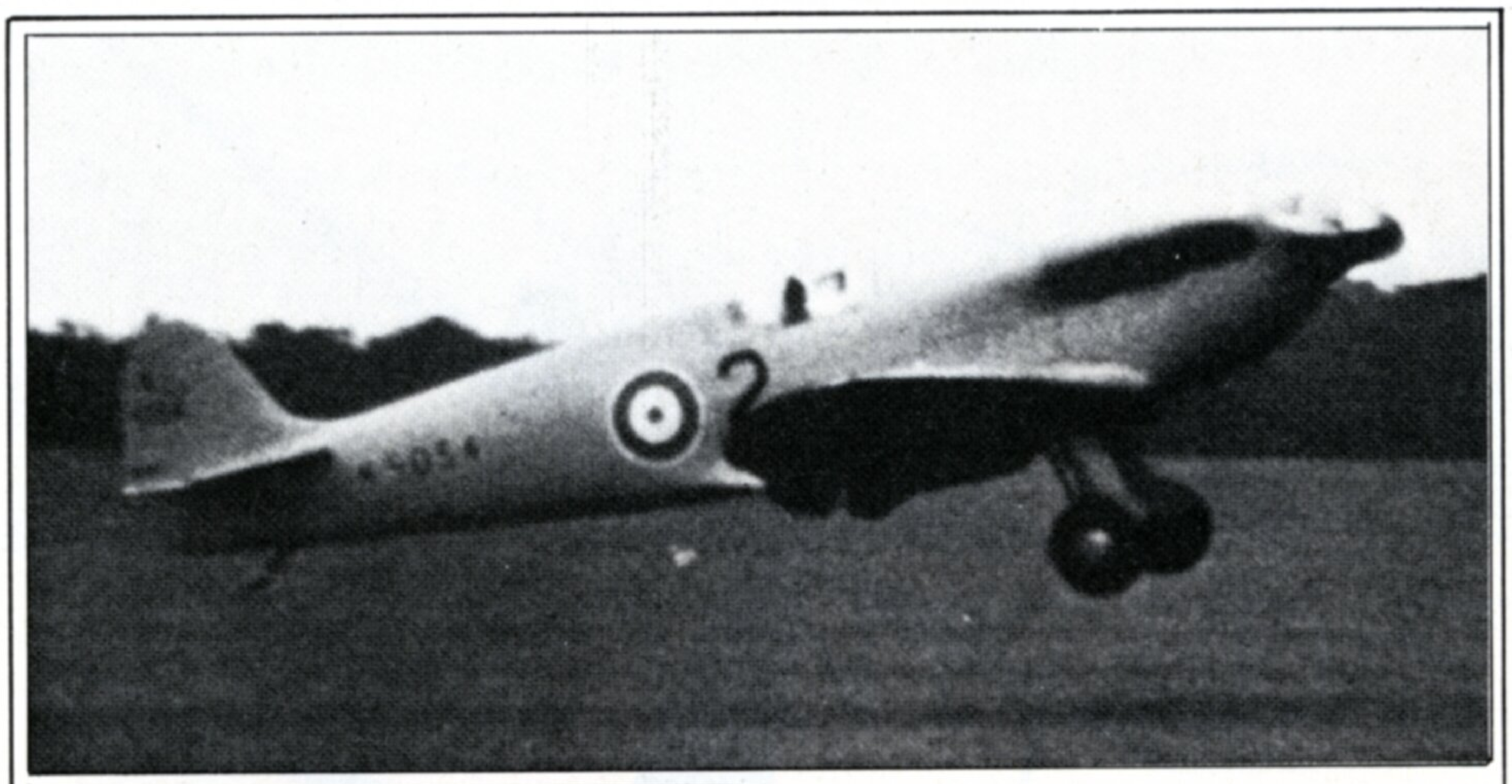
The tension continued over the course of the next few days, and the lives of harassed group controllers and squadron commanders were bedevilled by a series of alarms and false reports. Everyone was very new, very inexperienced, and very eager. And it was this edgy overeagerness that prompted a searchlight crew stationed in lonely isolation on Mersea Island in the Thames estuary to report a group of enemy bombers coming up-river in the direction of London. Teleprinters clattered and telephone wires buzzed as the warning message was relayed to all and sundry, and within minutes the information had been passed to the plotting-room of No 11 Group, Fighter Command, at Uxbridge.

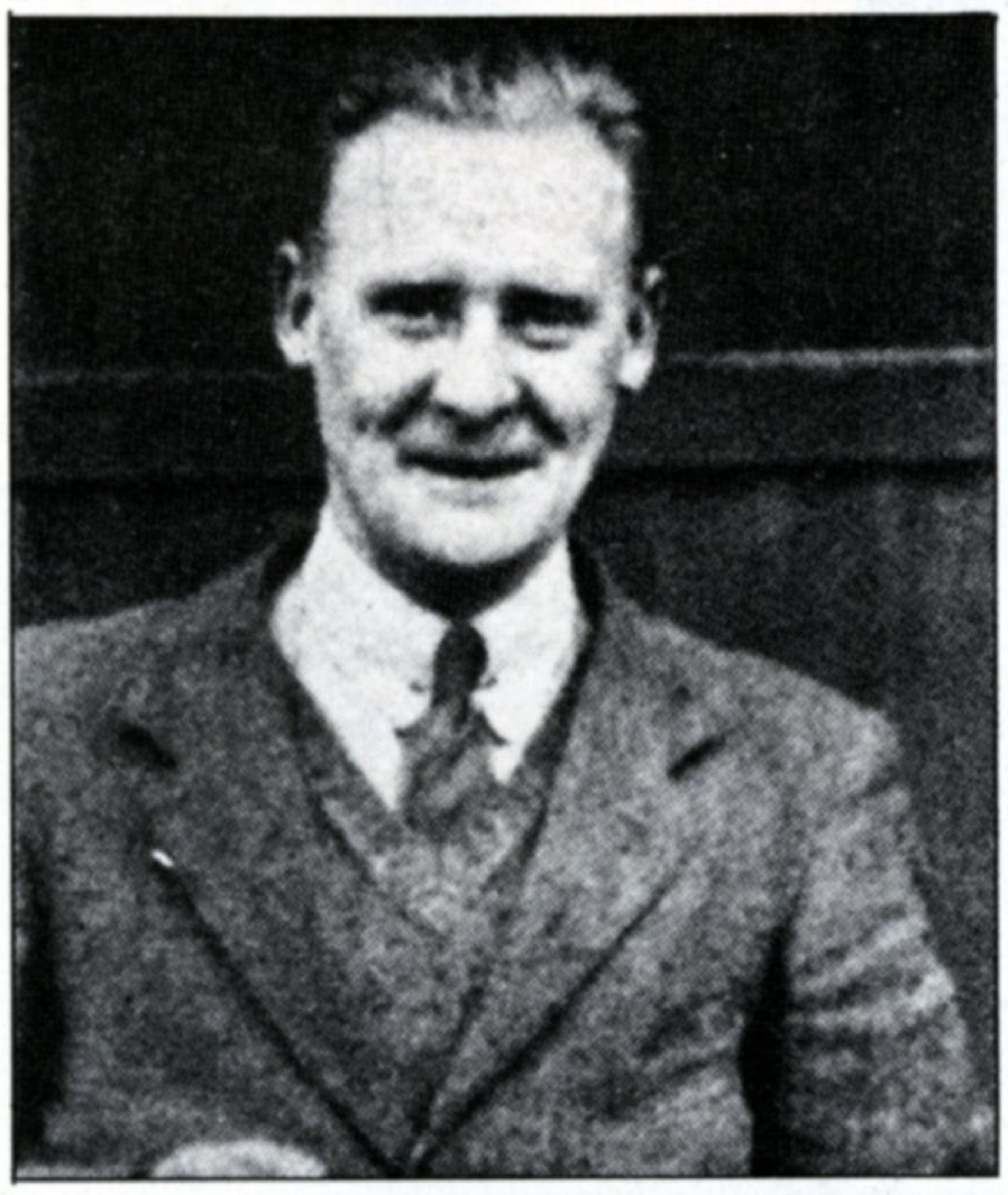
The trigger happy atmosphere provided a perfect scenario for disaster, and shortly after the first sighting report a number of anti-aircraft batteries guarding the southern bank of the Thames began plastering the innocent night sky with high explosive shells. Excited accounts of all this warlike activity soon reached No 11 Group and, convinced that a major air raid was developing, its controller scambled a Spitfire squadron from Hornchurch and a Hurricane squadron from North Weald, and vectored them to intercept the approaching bombers.

Panic is highly contagious, and it soon spread to adjacent areas. The Controller of No 12 Group scrambled 19 and 66 Squadrons from Duxford in Cambridgeshire while a confused and inexperienced Assistant Controller at Debden sent a full squadron of twelve Hurricanes into the air instead of the intended flight of three machines. No one had a clear picture of the situation — least of all the pilots — and the techniques of ground control were still in their infancy. Squadrons of Spitfires and Hurricanes began scouring the night skies over Essex in unwieldy daytime formations that quickly lost all form of cohesion and discipline. Some were successfully recalled to their bases when Controllers realised they were not required. But the North Weald and Hornchurch units remained airborne. Suddenly the cockpit R/Ts crackled to life.

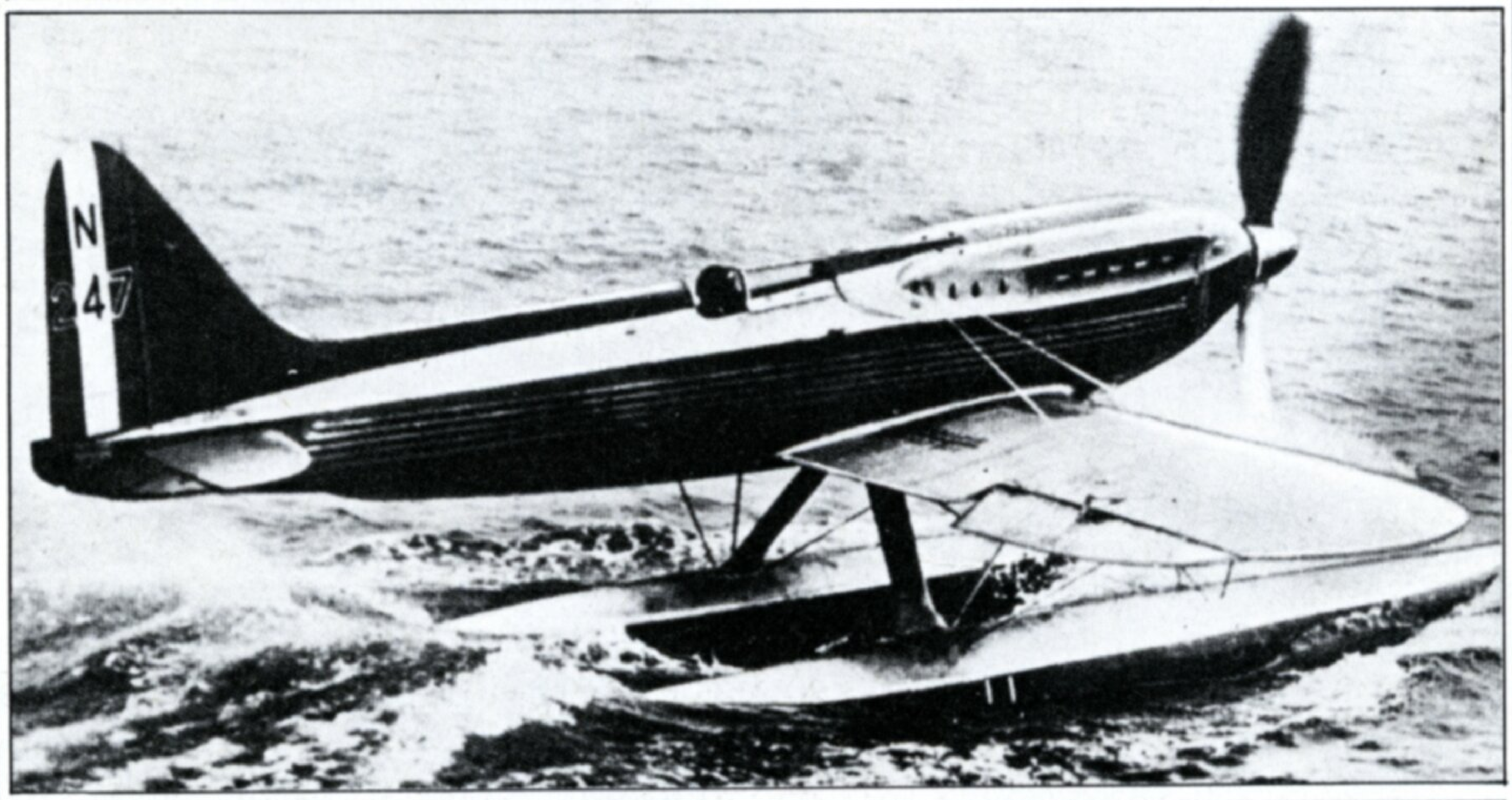
The two groups hurtled towards each other at an approach speed of more than 800 mph. Flames leaped from the leading edges of the wings as the Browning machine-guns chattered their staccato death song. The Spitfires weaved and twisted in their headlong rush. The supercharged Merlin engines screamed in agony as throttles were thrust wide open, and pilots blacked out momentarily as the g-forces crushed their consciousness

turn to page 50





The Supermarine company's chief designer, Reginald J Mitchell (left) was creator of the Spitfire which took off for its first test flight at Eastleigh aerodrome in March 1936 (above). The Spitfire evolved from the Supermarine S6 seaplane (below) which Mitchell had produced for the 1929 Schneider Trophy race. It crushed the opposition, and a new world speed record of 355.8mph was set in this aircraft by Squadron Leader A H Orlebar three days later. The Spitfire was capable of overwhelming firepower in the form of eight forward-firing machine guns (bottom). This idea was originated by Squadron Leader Sorley, but was only viable because of Mitchell's genius as an aeronautical engineer, the Spitfire's elliptical wing design easily accommodating the guns.



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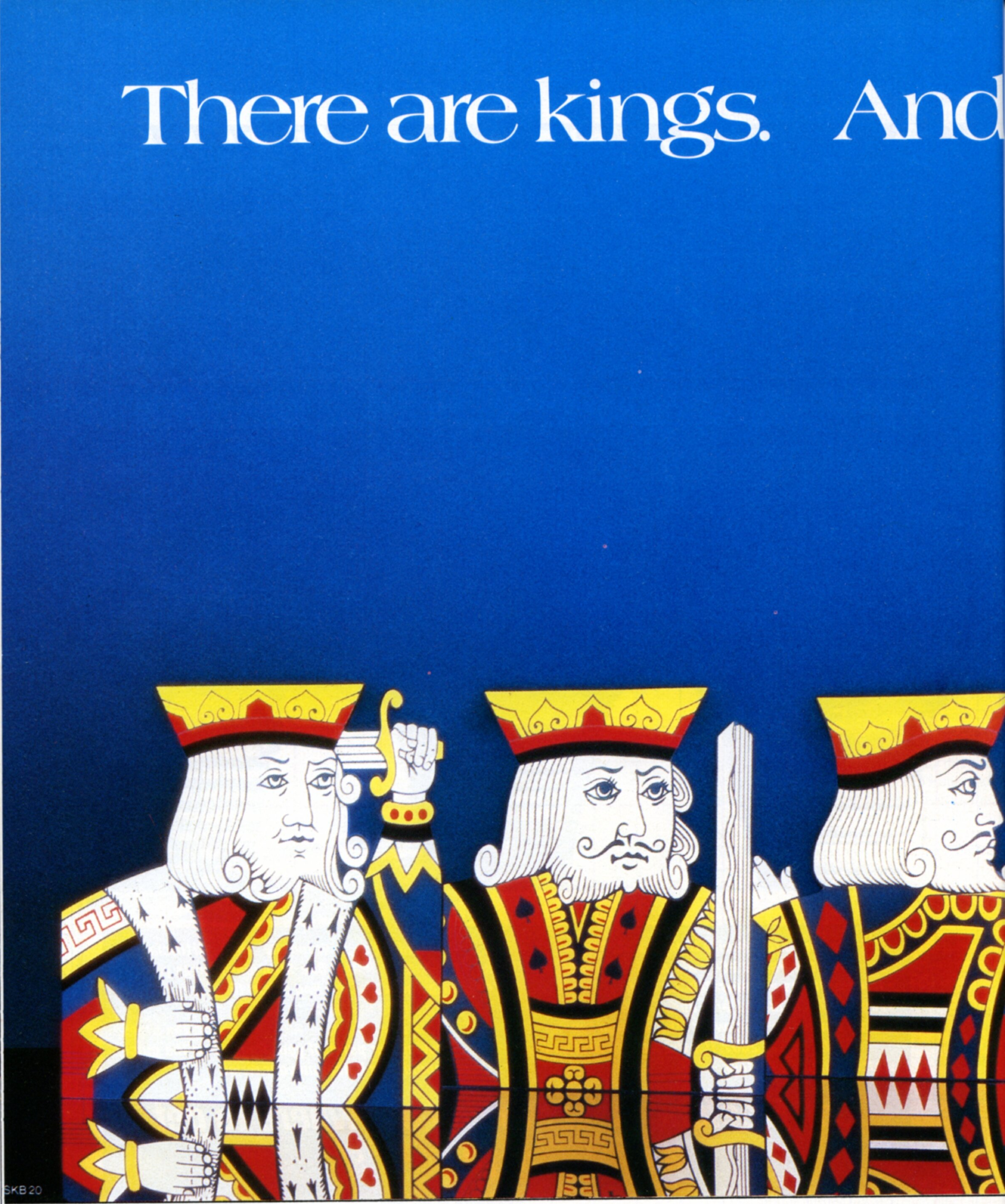
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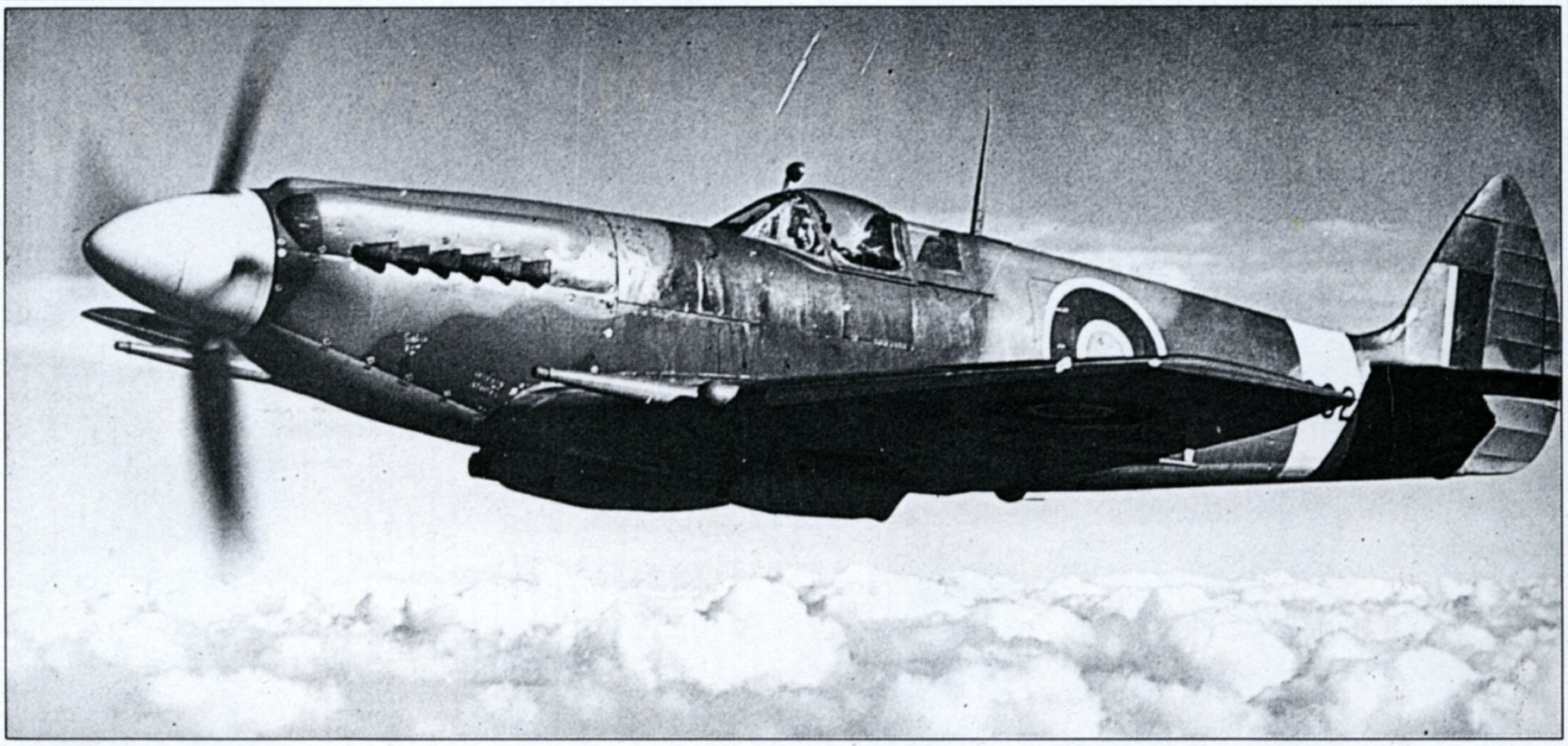

The 1942 Mk XII Spitfire had clipped wings and changed nose lines. Its engine was the low-altitude rated Rolls Royce Griffon.

Spitfire

continued from page 46

each time the aircraft banked sharply into a tight vertical turn.

Suddenly it was all over. The sky was empty. The victorious Spitfires made their joyous way back to Hornchurch having reduced two of the bandits to blackened smoking pyres in the flat and featureless fields of southern Essex. But they were not enemy machines for no German aircraft were in the skies above Britain that night. And after a series of irate telephone calls the sad truth emerged. The Supermarine Spitfire's first victims had been a pair of ill-fated Hawker Hurricanes from North Weald. It was a doleful beginning to the career of the world's greatest fighting aircraft.

It may seem odd to equate the beauty of the Spitfire with the sheer ugliness of the Walrus. Yet both machines came from the same Supermarine stable, and each was created by the Company's Chief Designer Reginald J Mitchell. In addition both had their roots in the Schneider Trophy seaplane contests that thrilled an air minded public for nearly two decades.

Mitchell's first contender for the famous gold, silver and bronze trophy was a small biplane flying with a pusher airscrew. It was called the Sea Lion, and to everyone's surprise it won the 1922 race at 135 mph — beating the Italians on their home ground in the Bay of Naples. Over the ensuing years the Sea Lion developed into the Seagull and then, ultimately, into that sturdy and ubiquitous naval workhorse, the Walrus, to which even in 1922 it bore more than a passing resemblance.

And, as most people already know, the Spitfire itself was developed from the S-type racers which culminated in the dazzling *S.6B* which captured the Trophy outright in 1931 at a speed of 340.8 mph, and which set a new world's record of 407.5 mph piloted by Flight Lieutenant G H Stainforth, later the same year.

While in no way detracting from Mitchell's engineering skill in creating the S-series it must be admitted that his design was much influenced, perhaps even inspired, by the Curtis *R3C-2* biplanes which won the 1925 race, and by the victorious Macchi *M.39* in 1926 — the Italian machine being outwardly almost identical to the *S.5* which won the 1927 contest for Britain at 281.65 mph.

Having exhausted the potential of the *S.5* Mitchell produced a completely new aircraft for the 1929 race. Featuring a pencil slim airframe it was full of brilliant technical innovations and built around the latest Rolls Royce engine which, boosted by the recently introduced supercharger, gave a thunderous 1,900 hp at 2,870 rpm. It was designated the *S.6*, and it crushed the Italian opposition with humiliating ease at a race average of 328.63 mph. Three days later Squadron Leader A H Orlebar set a new world speed record of 355.8 mph — an incredible velocity for an aircraft built during the final year of the Roaring Twenties.

Although a third successive win meant that the Trophy would pass to Britain outright, the Government declined to finance any machines for the 1931 contest — the races were, by then, staged every other year — and the situation was only retrieved by a timely gift of £100,000 from the eccentric but generous Lady Houston. Saved by the proverbial belle, and anxious to show his appreciation of her ladyship's open-handed gesture, Mitchell produced the ultimate in seaplane technology — the immortal *S.6B*.

Fitted with the new R-type engine capable of 2,330 hp, and aided by an ingenious cooling system which utilised the wings as radiators the team's lead machine had a white-wash victory over the Italians whose Macchi seaplanes were not ready in time. And as if to emphasise Supermarine's superiority its stablemate broke the world's speed record at 379.05 mph the same afternoon.

At this point in time Mitchell would have probably gone down in aviation history as the world's greatest designer of racing seaplanes. But the *S.6B* proved to be only the overture and not the finale of his career. For in 1931 the Supermarine Company decided to move into the field of military aircraft.

The Air Ministry's specification F7/30, issued in 1931, had set out the Air Staff's current requirement — a day and night fighter, capable of 250 mph, and armed with four machine-guns. The design teams at both Gloster Aircraft and Hawkers settled down to meet the specification. Mitchell, however, set out to *beat* it!

Unlike his two competitors who were already well established as manufacturers of single-seat fighters, Mitchell started with a blank sheet of paper and no preconceived ideas. Unencumbered by the intellectual strait-jacket of previous experience and the need for a slow and cautious development from proven models, the world was his oyster. And backed by the advanced technology of the Schneider Trophy machines, success seemed assured. He produced the Type 224 — a cranked wing monoplane with an open cockpit and fixed undercarriage sheathed, in the fashion of the time, by streamlined 'trousers'. Although primitive by today's standards it bore an unmistakable resemblance to the future Spitfire. The prototype flew in 1933 but could only reach 238 mph — almost 150 mph slower than the final version of the *S.6B*. It was bitterly disappointing.

Mitchell returned to the drawing board but by now the target had been set much higher. Specification F5/34 — an intended replacement for the Hawker Fury — demanded even better performance, and hinted at the possibility of mounting six or even *eight* machine-guns. Supermarine's Type 425a was a great advance on Mitchell's previous efforts, and his sleek new fighter featured both an enclosed cockpit and a retractable undercarriage. But this time he faced a serious rival for Sydney Camm, the Chief Designer of Hawkers, had also come up with a monoplane fighter. And there was little to choose between the two machines.

Impressed by these two private ventures, and grimly aware of secret developments in Hitler's Germany, the Air Ministry promptly issued revised specifications incorporating and exceeding the improved performance obtained by Camm and Mitchell. The Supermarine team immediately began work on their Type 300, and Mitchell

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Susan

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL VON STROHEIM

A healthy mind in a healthy body — that is sexy Susan Atkinson's favourite motto. And judging from her lithe 34-22-34 figure, she certainly lives up to it, working out at her local gymnasium at least twice a week. 'I think too many people ignore their bodies or take them for granted,' explained Susan, 20. 'I looked at myself in the mirror a couple of years ago, and wasn't very keen on what I saw. So I decided then and there to get into shape, and now I am quite proud of myself, specially as I've been chosen as a *Mayfair* centre-girl. That's made the effort worthwhile.'

Susan shares a flat in Fulham, and every morning cycles to Chelsea where she is manageress of one of the trendier boutiques. She recalls one incident which embarrassed her at the time but which she can laugh about now. 'A guy came in to buy a long dress for his daughter as a surprise present, and as he didn't have much idea I offered to try a couple on for him.' Susan put the first one on, but as she came out of the cubicle she caught her toe in the hem. 'I tripped and fell headlong, bringing a rack of clothes crashing to the ground. He bought the dress, probably out of sympathy.'

49
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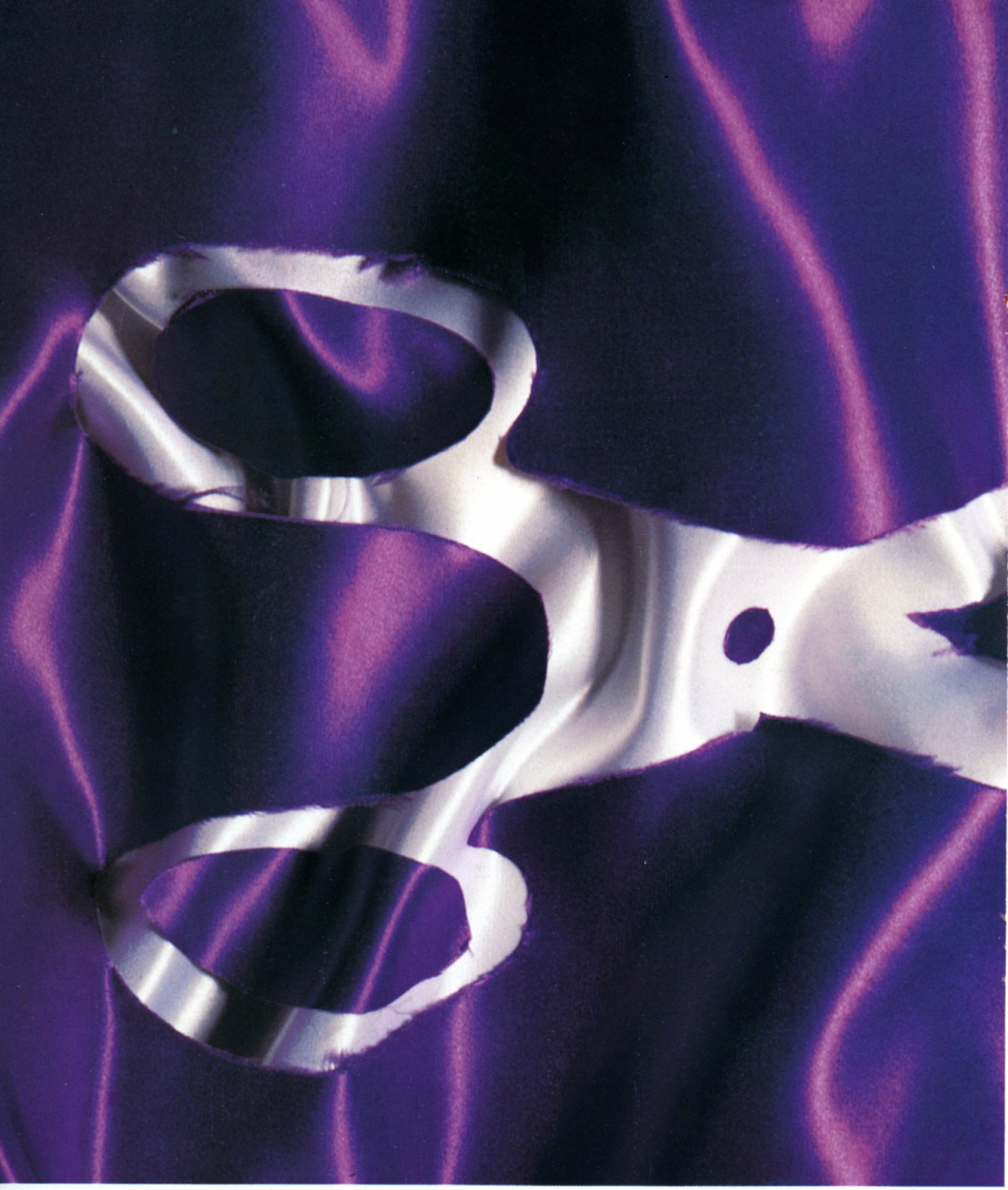
It is just as well Susan takes plenty of exercise as she is a very keen cook, and holds plenty of dinner parties. 'I do enjoy the occasional night out at a disco if I'm in the mood, but I don't think you can beat a quiet candlelit dinner, specially if there's just two of us there — myself and a gorgeous hunk.' Susan firmly believes that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. 'If I set my sights on a guy I just invite him round for a meal. It has never failed me so far.' And what would Susan consider the sexiest food? 'That's easy. Breakfast in bed for two.'

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
SUSAN ATKINSON



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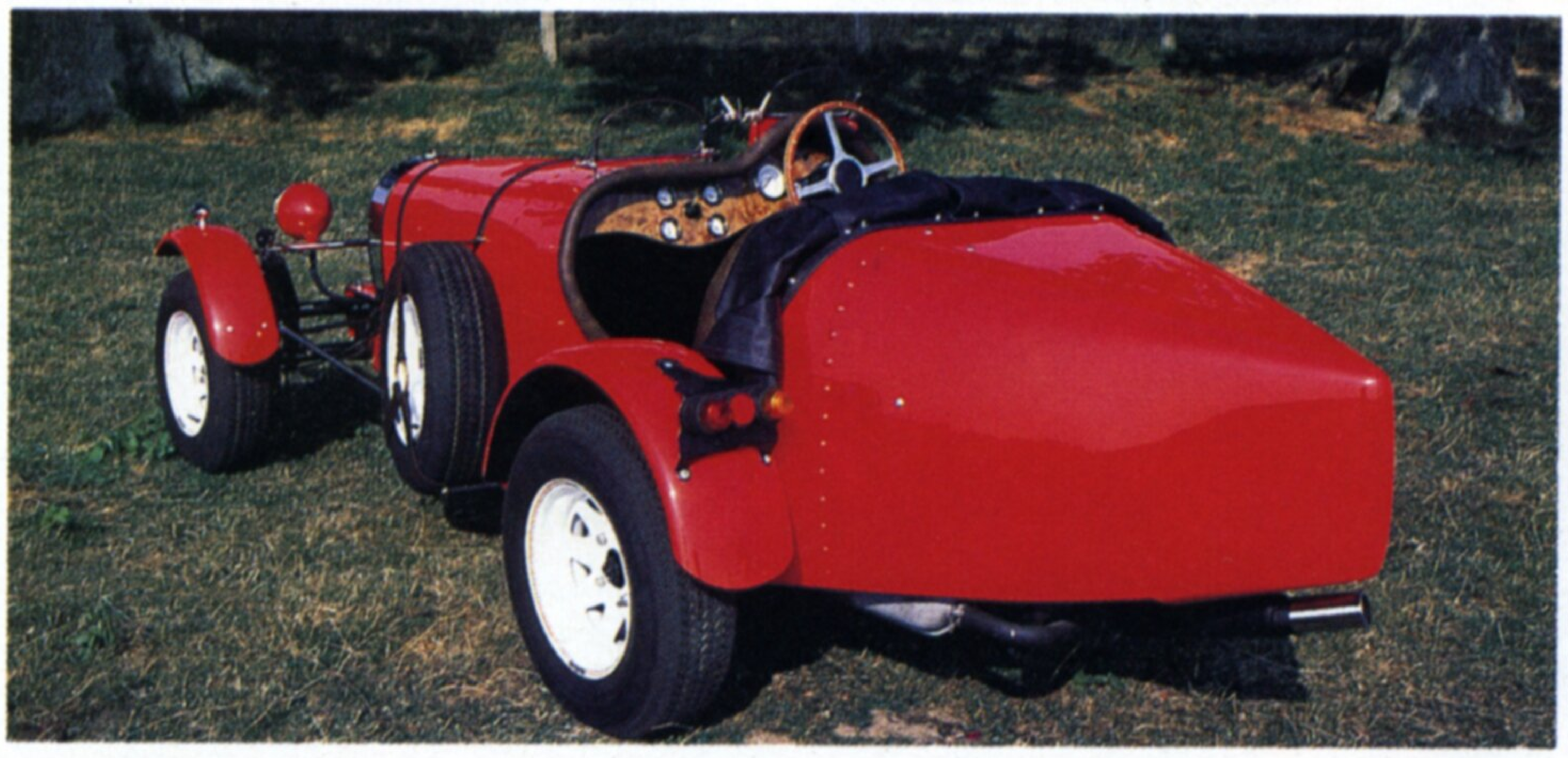

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Right and above: The £16,000 MG TF look-alike, the Naylor TF1700. Continuing clockwise: This familiar Bugatti shape hides a Volkwagen base. Two pictures above it: The VW Bugatti and Naylor's interior. Top left: The elegant Ford-based Squire Sports.

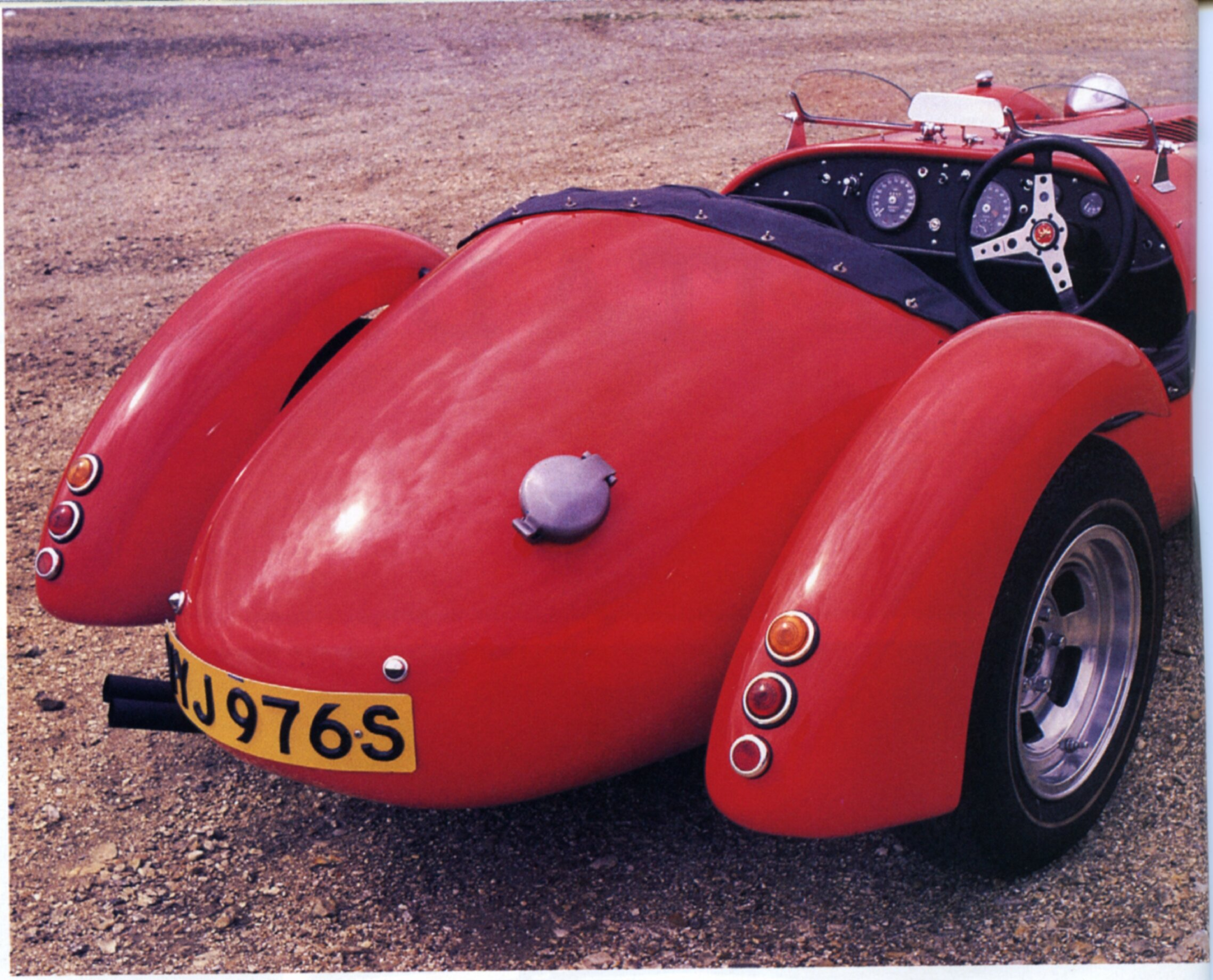
Many of us would like to own one of the classic cars from the past, but few can afford the time and cost of restoration. A replica may be a reasonable compromise. Similar to famous marques, but with modern components, these instant-oldsters command a market of their own

MAKE IT A DOUBLE

Motoring with William Boddy/Photographed by Andrew Morland

It might be thought that with so many makes and models available on the present day motor-car market (Ford of Britain alone lists nearly 80 for the potential customer to choose from) there would be little room for replicas. Yet this is not the case. Copies of earlier great cars have a small but continuing place in today's automotive scheme of things.

It is easy to see why this is so if you reflect that recently a Type 55 Bugatti roadster was sold by auction for the sum of £400,000 (you could have bought it new in 1933 for £1,350). Similarly, an ex-Barnato Speed-Six Bentley coupe — the actual car that became famous by beating the celebrated *Blue Train* across France — sold for £270,000. No wonder people wanting cars like this turn to less

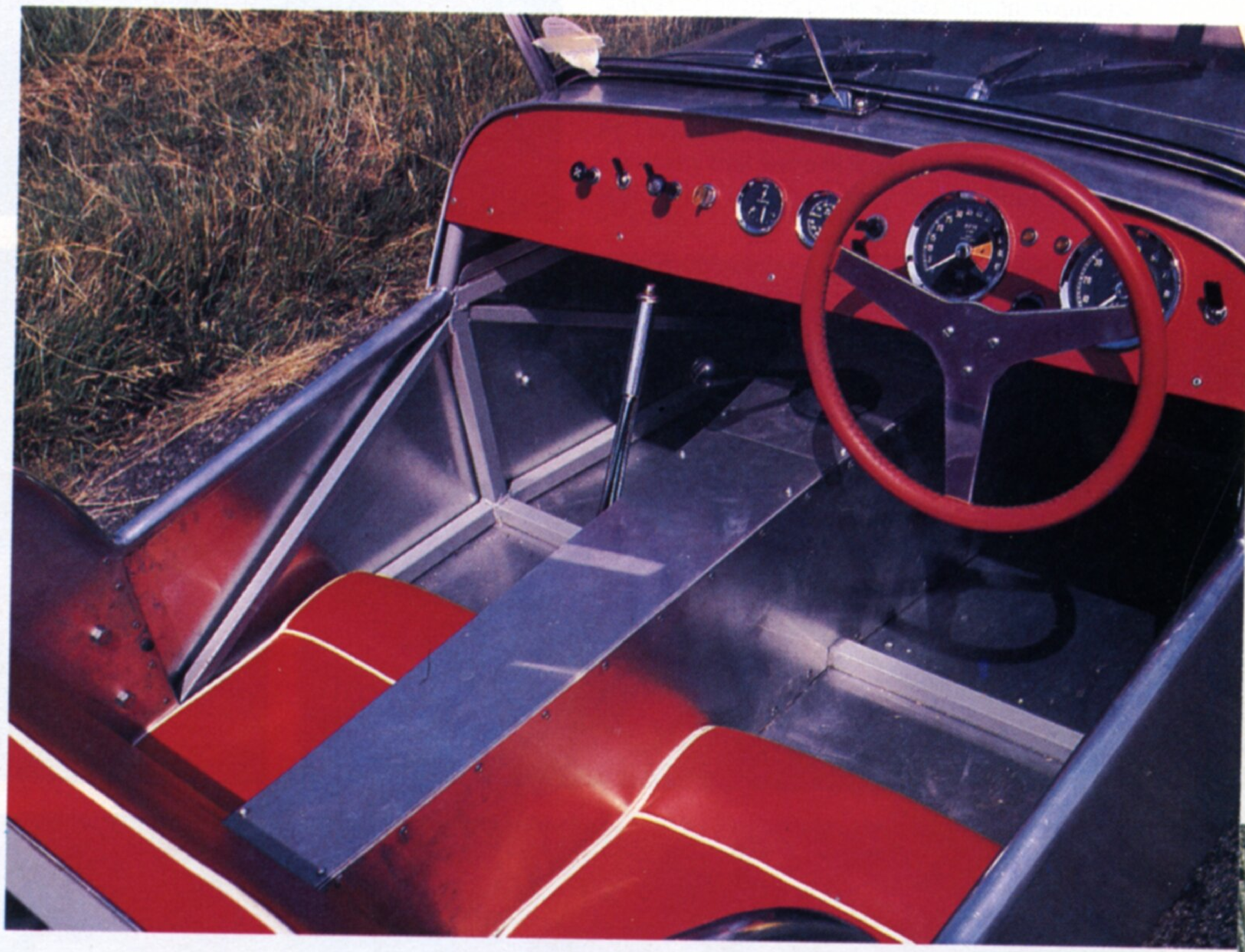


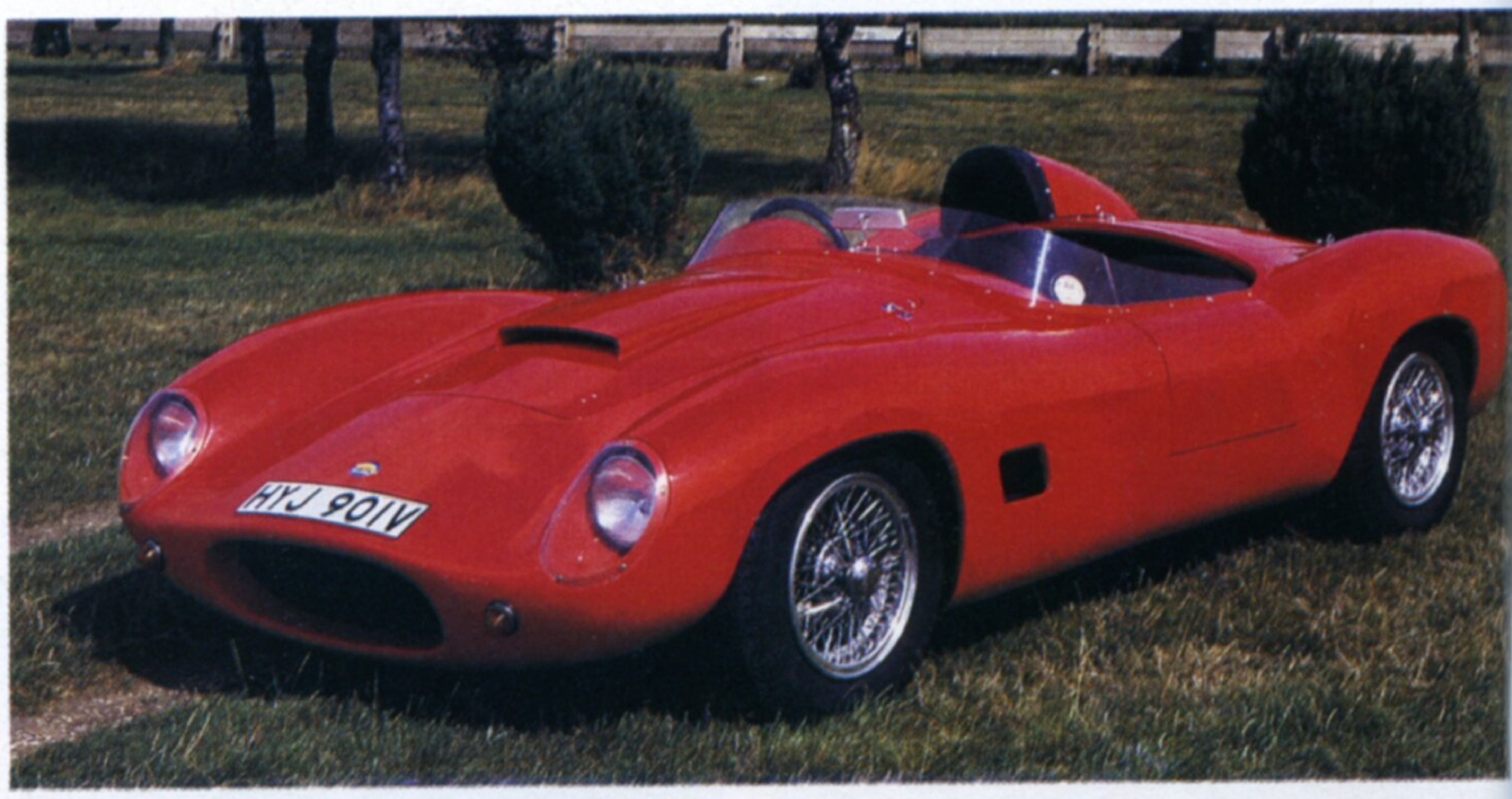
Top left and bottom right: Two views of the Kougar 'S' type, a replica of the Healey Silverstone, containing a 3.4 litre engine. Three pictures bottom left: The Westfield 7, built along old Lotus 7 lines. Top right: The Westfield 7's smart interior.

expensive ways of realising their motoring ambitions. So they buy replicas.

In fact, the replica market has developed so much that on offer now are not only the look-alike type of replica, but open sports models which, in fact, may have no close resemblance to any actual car from the past. There was a period when I viewed with disdain any replica based on modern mechanical components. It began years and years back, with bogus Alfa Romeo Spiders powered by modern machinery from the Alfa Romeo factory in Milan. The theme continued with replicas possessing rather obviously not-original Bugatti radiators and louvred bonnets planted on chassis with decidedly non-Bugatti-type engines placed at the *back*, because that part of the offering was pure Volkswagen Beetle. Others followed quickly.

I was dead against such cars for the simple, but I thought valid, reason that it was a way of

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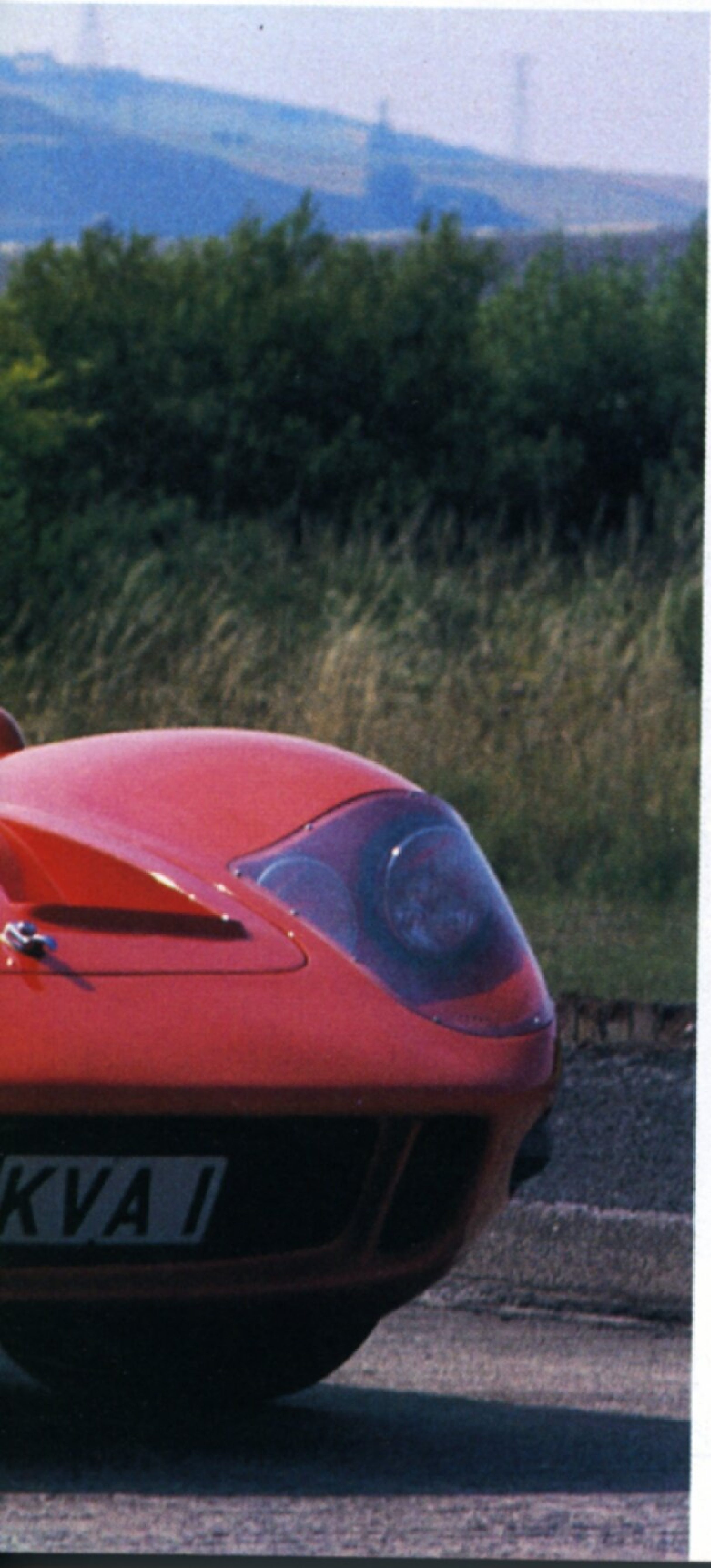
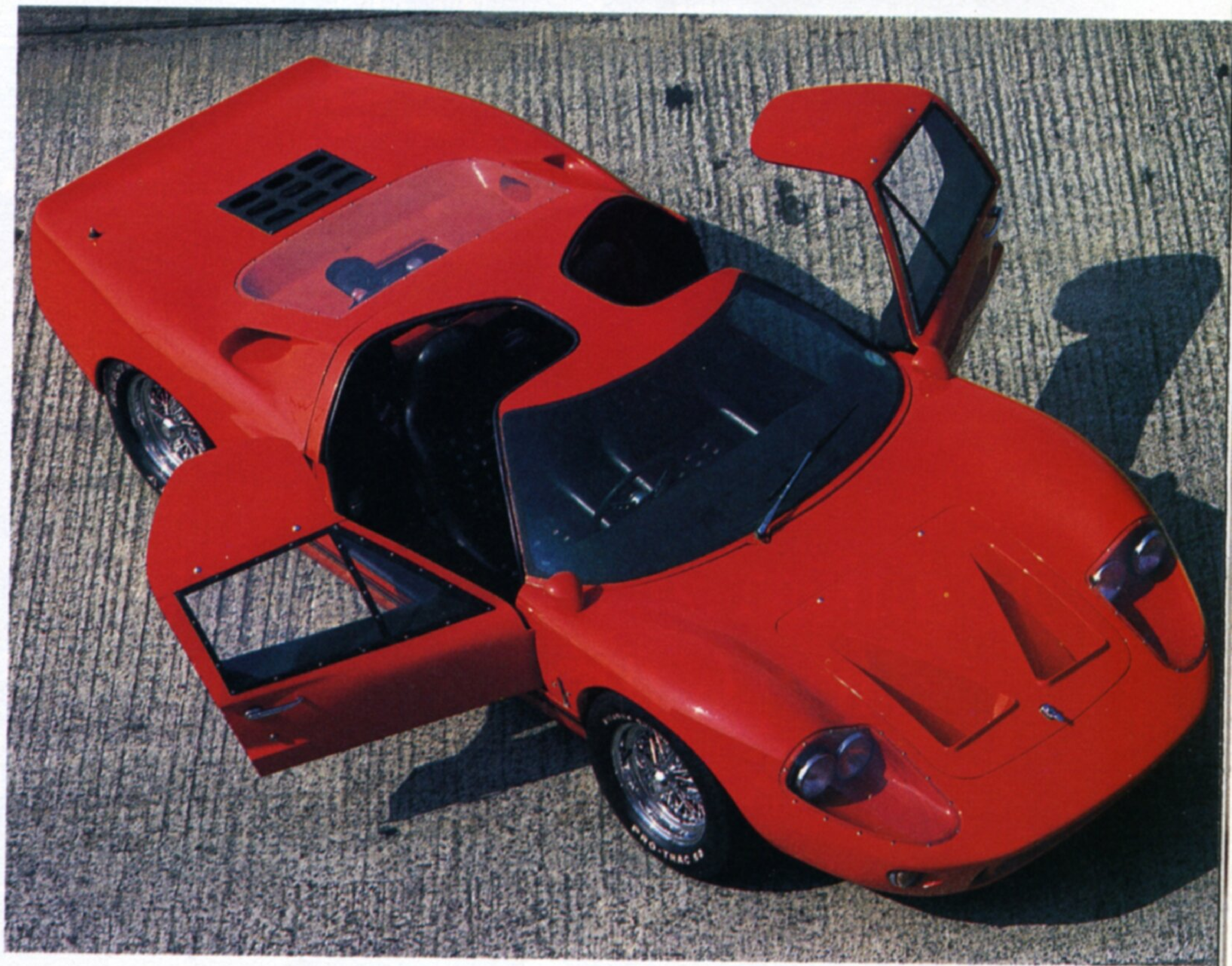
attempting to have your cake and also eat it. To enjoy vintage cars, as I saw it then, you had to be dedicated, prepared to accept the hardships with the pleasures. This could mean cranking up a recalcitrant engine, changing its spark-plugs at the roadside if these oiled-up (perhaps in a rainstorm), mastering a difficult gear-shift, and putting up with primitive weather protection. To buy a car which looked outwardly — well, to the uninitiated — like one of these beautiful heirlooms from the glorious past, which could be started at the press of the starter-button, would be as reliable as any car with modern engine and tyres, and as untemperamental as the District Nurse's saloon seemed to be dodging the issue. So I disliked the influx of these replicas. I didn't drive any that were offered to me for test, and I still do not like them very much. But I *can* see





Above and left: A Ford GT 40? No, a 1,600cc replica of the Le Mans car called the KVA Mark III. Two pictures above it (opposite page), a Lotus 11 replica, the Westfield 11. Top left: Not a Ferrari but a Kougar Monza with a 3-litre Ford V6 engine. Top right and shot below it: An NGTA Aston Racer. Right centre. Marauder's Lola III double.

why people own and enjoy them. They offer a means of buying off-the-peg, as it were, something that looks grand, and most certainly different. It means that the buyer of an eye-able replica and his bird can attract attention, sniff God's fresh air (when not following diesel-burning trucks), and have some of the fun and fascination that comes from driving a real vintage machine. Spares are also easier to obtain, insurance will probably present fewer problems (although plenty of brokers now do special deals for the older cars), and brakes, gear-change, tyres and the rest of it will be more amenable. The public will hardly know the difference, anyway, and probably think you are the son of Earl Howe or a close relation of Sir Malcolm Campbell, as you motor past!

It is for these reasons that the replica business has survived. With the high prices now charged for restoring an old motor, reupholstering its seats, replacing hood or head-lining, re-painting, and finding suitable tyres for its outsize wheels, even assuming it is possible to find the kind of ancient you fancy, I can understand why replicas are very attractive to those with a desire to possess an 'instant-oldster'. In 1975 it would have been difficult indeed to find a working 5-litre Bugatti saloon, or a Royale, at the drop of a cheque, so there was a place for the Panther De Ville with its XJ12 Jaguar engine and running-gear, for about £17,500. By 1981, it came complete with electric windows, air-conditioning and a cocktail cabinet, which you most certainly would not have had in a Type 46 Bugatti. That replicas are also prone to inflation is shown by the £67,000 asked for the De Villes by 1981.

Back in 1974 Panther West Winds Ltd of Byfleet, Surrey (in the shadow of the famous, if defunct, Brooklands race-track) had introduced their J72. This was a means of having a car that looked like the pre-war SS100, but which had the well-proven, twin-cam, Jaguar 3.8-litre engine instead of a modified Standard power-unit, for which spares might have posed problems. These and other replicas of a decade and more ago have led to today's versions, of which a fine selection is illustrated in the accompanying photographs. They follow the pattern of great cars of the past, and are much better than a plastic-bodied parody of an Edwardian motor-car concealing aged Ford Ten mechanicals. Today you can have the fun and strong breezes once enjoyed by MG owners in a Naylor TF1700 for £16,233. And you would need to march a very long distance, and then be unlikely to find a genuine twin-cam Anzani-powered sports Squire. So how about the *Replica* Squire Sports? There is still a VW-Bugatti with the VW Beetle's rear-placed air-cooled engine and gearbox — though quite how the owner can shut his mind to the fact that the Bugatti never had the engine in the tail or independent front suspension (their beam front axle was beautifully done with a hollow tube through which the front leaf-springs passed) I do not know.

Replicas make sense to one brand of motorist, however, and I can see that it is easier to buy say a replica Mercedes sports of majestic proportions than hunt for, and have completely restored, a genuine 36/220 hp or 38/250 hp SS Mercedes-Benz of the 1930s as has Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. He has just about completed the restoration of just such a car with the plan of driving in style to the Stuttgart Rally in June to commemorate the 100th birthday of the Benz and the Centenary of the practical petrol-engined motor-car. Not a task for anyone other than the most dedicated.

To complicate matters, Kougar offer a replica of a Replica. They started up in 1977 in Crowborough, Sussex, making kits of the Frazer Nash Le Mans Replica of the 1950s. That needs an explanation. 'Replica' as used to describe a TT Frazer Nash or a later Le Mans Frazer Nash, applies to the *original* models, which were designated 'Replicas' simply because they were based on the actual cars run in the classic TT and Le Mans sports-car races. Kougar make replicas of these, like the Kougar Frazer Nash with S-series Jaguar power, MGB steering gear, and Kougar's own tubular chassis-frame. Another slight difficulty for the unwary is that there was a sports-car in 1950-52, based on Rover 75 parts. This is very different from the replica.

Replicas are in a world of their own. Providing that is recognised, even avid vintage-car chaps can stomach them. Which reminds me that one of those glass-fibre-bodied, Ford-based 'oldies' was once driven down to Brighton on the hallowed November Sunday when the *real* veterans, built before 1905, make this Emancipation Day pilgrimage. This fake 'oldie' somehow got announced as one of the veterans, and mingled with them. Its driver was even praised for getting there, instead of being told to clear off, although about the only thing his car had in common with the rare veterans, on the Run was side-by-side valves. Remembering the welcome it got, am I being too hard on these modern replicas? I don't know, I still find it hard to decide.

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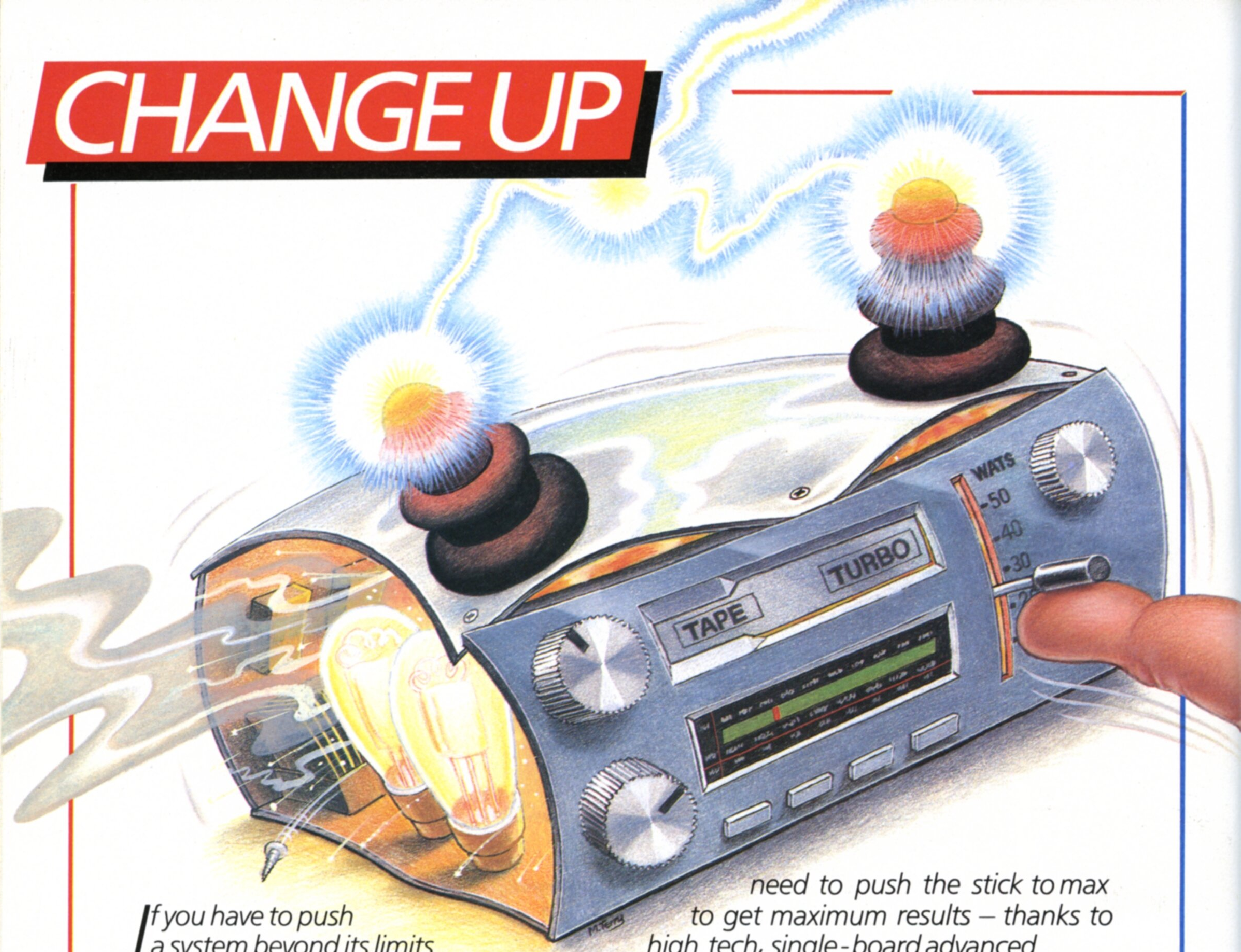
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IN-CAR STEREO

Spitfire

continued from page 50

came up with the now famous elliptical wing configuration which was to become the unmistakable and familiar trademark of the Spitfire.

Contrary to popular belief the concept of overwhelming firepower in the form of eight forward-firing machine-guns was originated by Squadron Leader Sorley, backed by the up and coming Hugh Dowding, and not by Mitchell. However the immediate viability of the multi-gun battery was entirely due to Mitchell's genius as an aeronautical engineer. For thanks to its unique elliptical wing the Spitfire was able to accommodate the new weapons without modification whereas Camm was forced to redesign his prototype Hurricane.

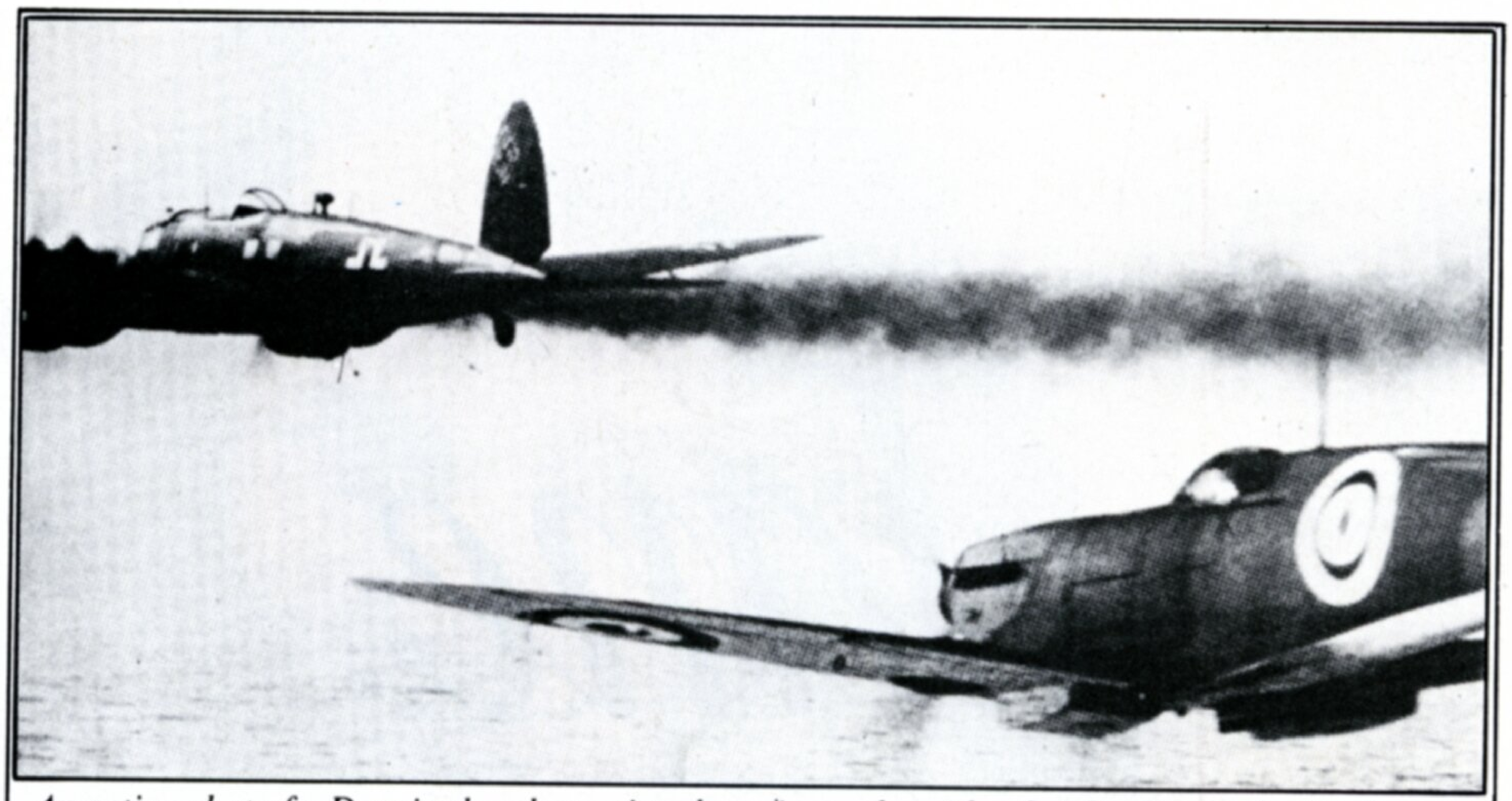
It is often claimed that Mitchell's wing design was the secret of the Spitfire's success, and there is more than a grain of truth in this sweeping assertion for the wing structure was subsequently found to be capable of withstanding the stresses of a higher Mach number than the much later jet-powered Me 262 and early marks of the Gloster Meteor. In fact, when Hitler's flying-bombs threatened to destroy Britain in 1944, and before the Meteor came on the scene, only the Mustang, Tempest and Griffon engined Spitfires were able to catch and shoot down the doodlebugs. For the record, the Spitfire Mk 19 and the Republic Thunderbolt with water injection are credited as being the fastest Allied aircraft produced during World War Two.

Like anything truly British, several Spitfire variants were eccentric in the extreme. At one period of the war, for instance, some brass-hat in Whitehall suggested utilising Spitfires as tugs to tow Hotspur gliders. Although of little practical value the flight tests were successful and, encouraged by the results, the gentleman concerned then suggested using *two* Spitfires to tow the much heavier Horsa glider. Fortunately someone sat on his head with commendable promptitude, and that was that.

During the Norwegian campaign another back-room boy suggested building a floatplane version of the fighter. And, incredibly, such a hybrid was actually constructed and test-flown some months later. A Mark 5b Spitfire, Number W3760, was fitted with enormous floats that measured more than 25 feet in length, and put through its paces on the Solent. It proved to be capable of 324 mph at 19,500 feet and had an awe-inspiring landing speed of 100+ mph. *On water!* The design was not pursued but it was an interesting example of the wheel turning full circle. The *S.6B* had developed into the Spitfire. And now a Spitfire was back on floats again.

Many a novice pilot forswore his nightly noggin in the mess when confronted by the strangest Spitfire of all — the very rare two seater training version with twin camel-like perspex canopies perched in tandem on top of the familiar sleek fuselage. This unusual beast never saw service with the RAF but Vickers Armstrong converted a number of Mark 9 machines as a private venture for sale overseas.

It is now a matter of history that the prototype, *No K5054,* took off for her first test flight fifty years ago when, on March 5 1936, Captain J 'Mutt' Summers pulled back the stick, and eased her off the grass of Eastleigh aerodome into the blue sky. Camm's Hawker Hurricane had made *its* first flight just five months earlier, and the relative merits of these two superlative aircraft have long been a subject of dispute whenever pilots and enthusiasts meet. Perhaps the best distinction was offered by C G Grey the veteran aviation journalist and self-opinionated editor of *The Aeroplane* for nearly half a century. 'The Hurricane,' he wrote during the war, 'is like a fine hunter whereas the Spitfire is akin to a thoroughbred racehorse. Each excels in its own role but, naturally, the race winner gains more attention.'



An action shot of a Dornier bomber going down in smoke with a Spitfire hot on the Nazi's tail.

Race winner or not, the performance of the prototype provided considerable food for thought. Powered by the Merlin C engine it could make 349 mph at 16,800 feet. Its climbing ability was equally impressive — 15,000 feet in five minutes 42 seconds and 30,000 feet in 17 minutes. The Air Ministry needed little persuasion, and in July 1936, even before flight trials were fully completed, the RAF ordered 310 machines.

The contract, however, revealed the Supermarine Company's lack of experience in the construction of fighter aircraft, and their general ignorance of quantity production methods. It led to Supermarine's first major setback — the second being the tragic death of Mitchell from cancer at the early age of 42 on June 11, 1937 — and it was clear that, to produce the quantity of machines required, manufacture of the wings and the airframe would have to be passed out to sub-contractors. Hawkers did not face the same problem for, with their long history of service production, they were able to accept their orders from the RAF with ease and, in fact, built the first 1,000 machines as a private venture.

Supermarine's difficulties were mainly caused by Mitchell's famous elliptical wing which was built to such fine tolerances that few outside contractors could match the standards of high precision it demanded. In fact the design was so aerodynamically perfect that poor paintwork or dents in the leading edge could shave 5 mph off the maximum speed. And as the contemporary Messerschmidt Bf 109 had a performance almost equal to its opponent that tiny margin was of vital importance if combat superiority was to be obtained.

Delays in production and arguments with contractors meant that there were no Spitfires in operational service at the time of the Munich crisis although by then, thanks to Hawker's gamble of private production, the RAF already had its first five squadrons of Hurricanes. And even by the outbreak of war Supermarine had still not fully completed their original order.

But the introduction of high speed monoplane fighters was giving the RAF boffins problems in other directions as well. The BSA-built Browning guns of both the Spitfire and the Hurricane were malfunctioning at high altitudes and, unlike earlier machines, the weapons were not within reach of the pilots for in-flight adjustment. Low temperatures were identified as the cause of the stoppages, and experiments to duct hot air from the radiators were begun in an effort to keep the firing and ejector mechanisms warm and ice-free.

These modifications, although ultimately successful, were not complete at the time of the Munich crisis, and in September 1938 Britain's new monoplane fighters — of which only the Hurricane was operational in any case — were limited to a combat ceiling of 15,000 feet. Had Chamberlain not gained 'peace in our time' there is little doubt that an immediate Battle of Britain would have seen the Luftwaffe victorious, for in the Autumn of 1938 Goering's air force already included 700 fighters — the majority of which were Messerschmidt Bf 109s In fact it was not until July 1939 that the Spitfire began to out-perform the Me 109 — and then only by a small margin. Fitted with an experimental 3-bladed airscrew of de Havilland origin a Spitfire Mk 1 managed to make 367 mph at 18,600 feet and, as an added bonus, raised its service ceiling to 35,500 feet. With war only weeks away these improvements in performance came only just in time to redress the balance.

Once in the air the Spitfire handled like a bird. Getting there, however, was another matter for the manually operated retractable undercarriage of the early Mark 1 made it a son-of-a-bitch during take-off. And as the wheels had to be raised before the machine's airspeed reached a critical level it called for a sleight of hand more suitable to a stage conjuror than to a fighter pilot. First the throttle had to be locked into climb power with the left. As soon as this had been accomplished the pilot transferred that same hand to the control column while the right reached down to the undercarriage pump handle to pump the pressure in the hydraulic system. As one pilot explained: 'The energetic pumping motion of the right hand inevitably resulted in an alternative reaction with the left hand which was guiding the aircraft. And this sequence in turn resulted in the most extraordinary flight gyrations during take-off.'

All these antics pre-supposed a successful lift off

turn to page 98

Jane

Ever since she was 11-years-old, Jane Large has been dogged by the same joke. 'Large by name, large by nature,' chorused the other girls when she joined the senior school in Crewe, and the chant grew along with Jane. In her first year, at 11, she was already a 34B bust, a size some might aspire to in adulthood. By the time she left school, she was the proud owner of a pair of 39-inchers, ably supported by a 24-inch waist and 35-inch hips. Realising there was one career where such assets were worth their weight in gold, Jane immediately went into modelling, and hasn't looked back (looking down is quite a problem too). 'Even now,' Jane told us, 'everyone thinks that Large is a modelling name. It isn't. I've had people making fun of me for years.' However, all those girls who giggled at Jane as she bounced at the back in the school sports can eat their school hats. For Jane's career is rapidly growing as big as Jane herself, and in the last three years, the 19-year-old from Cheshire has become a popular top with many photographers. 'As the song goes, ''If they could see me now . . .'''

Not that all Jane's school career was the object of ridicule from her fellow pupils. In her tiny skirt and well-filled sports shirt, she attracted a lot of attention in the school's netball team, where she was the goalkeeper. She was also a loyal member of the school's drama society, though she worked backstage. 'I didn't have the nerve to appear on stage in those days,' Jane said. Obviously she has overcome such teenage shyness, which also might explain her keenness to work on television, as well as building up her modelling career.

Work is already so good that she spends as much time in London as her hometown Crewe. However when she does get some time to herself, she likes reading, walking, and doing tapestries — animals are her favourite subject. In the evenings she enjoys dancing in Crewe's local night clubs. At present, she doesn't have a boyfriend. 'I've no time,' she insisted, and we can believe it. However if you fancy yourself in that role, beware! Jane has a predilection for practical jokes, her mother being the principal victim. Jane's having the last laugh.

Many years ago the first video camera raised its bulky lens and began to roam the earth. Others soon followed.

But, just like the Box Brownie before them, those early monsters couldn't ultimately escape extinction.

THE SONY CCD V8 AF. IT'S JUST ROCKED THE VIDEO WORLD.

Enter Sony's CCD V8 AF Camcorder. A new breed of video camera.

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The design for video cameras has been set in stone for long enough.

Sony's CCD V8 AF Camcorder just broke the mould.

Video 8

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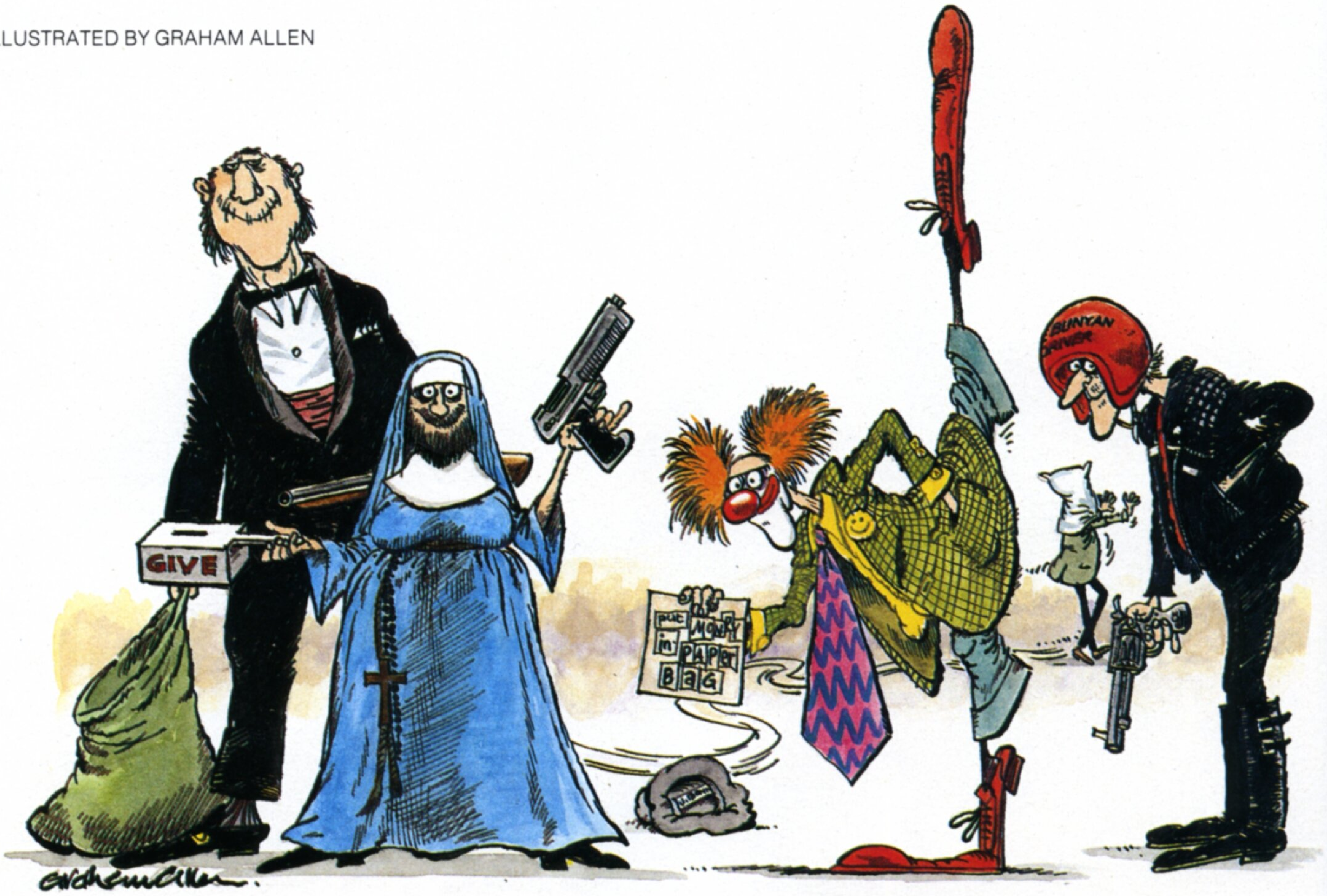
ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM ALLEN


GIVE
put money in paper bag
BUNYAN DRIVER

For the dunces at the bottom of the criminal class, a life of crime has been a terrible mistake. In ludicrous disguises, they have staged hilariously hopeless hold-ups, and have rarely got away with their getaways. In fact all they ever manage to steal is the scene. . .

It's easy to make a cock-up of a stick-up when you're as thick as thieves

Humour by Frederick J Stephens

It was to be a skilful and daringly executed bank job — the plan was simple enough, it just needed patience and time. The technique undertaken by the cream of Irish criminal minds was to enter the premises next door to the small bank branch office. The adjoining premises was a small supermarket which had upstairs offices over the top of the actual bank. Once inside, they would break through the floor/ceiling into the bank, and with the skill of the famous Topkapi diamond thieves, enter the building unseen, and empty the coffers.

Everything went according to plan. They broke into the supermarket late one Saturday night, and immediately set about silently breaking their way through the floor of the upstairs room. Every precaution and trick available to them was deployed to prevent setting off alarms or attracting attention. Unfortunately they overlooked one small, incidental feature. The upstairs part of the premises was built with an overhang to form some protection from the elements for pedestrians in the street. The would-be villains made their progress through the office floor at a rate somewhat faster than anticipated, for they were only part way through when the whole flooring gave way, and they crashed not into the bank, but onto the pavement of the street outside — crooks, picks, empty swag-bags and all. They were still lying in a dazed heap in the rubble when obliging members of the police hauled them off down the pokey for a well-earned rest.

It may well be a sign of the times, but the growth industry of crime appears to be attracting an unusual proportion of inept devotees. People, it seems, having failed to be honest in real life, become even bigger failures when they turn to dishonesty.

The Royal Bank of Scotland at Rothesay was the target of three such desperados in August 1975. Intent upon doing the job at lightning speed, they first came unstuck when they all got jammed together in the revolving doors on their way *into* the bank, and had to be helped free by the bank staff. Sheepishly they thanked everyone for their help and left the building. Moments later they returned, and having successfully negotiated the complexities of the revolving door, announced their intention to rob the bank by demanding £5,000. The head cashier was unable to take them seriously, and burst out laughing. Somewhat taken aback by this turn of events the gang leader modified his demand to £500, then £50, and finally dropped his requirements to 50p. By this time the bank staff were almost helpless with laughter.

Still undeterred by the mirth they were creating, one of the gang decided to help himself to money from the tills by leaping over the counter. But he misjudged the effort involved, and fell awkwardly to the floor clutching his ankle. The undoubted nerves of steel of his accomplices caused an immediate reaction — they fled. They failed to get far, however, as they scrambled the wrong way through the revolving doors, and became trapped once again.

One Clive Bunyan was obviously a believer in the persuasive power of advertising, when he robbed a shop in Cayton, near Scarborough. Well-covered with his motorcycle gear, he forced the shopkeeper to hand over the contents of the till — some £157 — and then ran from the premises to make his getaway on his motorcycle. Only one snag tarnished his perfect crime. Written across the front of his helmet in inch-high letters was: CLIVE BUNYAN — DRIVER. Needless to say his headgear gave the police a head start in finding their man.

In 1978, Gregory Lee Cornwall took it upon himself to rob the Continental Bank in Prospect Park, Pennsylvania. Having previously cased the building several times, and made suitable provision to ensure the success of the venture, he parked his car outside the bank. The tools of his trade comprised a sawn-off shotgun, an Army knapsack to carry the loot, and a ski-mask to conceal his identity. It wasn't until he was actually inside the bank, and forcing the teller to fill the knapsack, that he realised that he'd forgotten to put on his ski-mask. It was a somewhat belated gesture when he donned the mask in the middle of the job, for the whole staff of the bank had committed his intelligent features to memory, and Gregory was arrested soon after.

Planning a good bank job invariably necessitates anticipating all the moves. Once inside the place, the next problem is to get the staff to hand over the money. The staff are not always obliging in this respect. At the same time, there is a need for the villain not to attract too much attention by incurring the interests of any security staff. One method is to pass a note to the teller with instructions on what to do. One robber in Portland, Oregon, in 1969, approached the teller and wrote out a message on the deposit slip. 'Put all the money in a paper bag,' read the note and he slipped it through the grille. The teller read it for a moment, and then wrote the reply, 'I haven't got a paper bag.' Passing it back to the hold-up man, the villain's nerve cracked, and he fled empty-handed.

Other demand notes for money have also failed to the astonishment of their perpetrators. According to the FBI there have been cases of an intending robber writing his demand note on his own, personalized, bank deposit slip; in another upon the back of a summons bearing his own name and address; and in one case on the back of his wife's cervical smear test results.

The increasing use of surveillance cameras has added to the hazards confronting bank robbers. Joseph A Chefalo, member of one of the FBI's bank robbery squads in Los Angeles, keeps an unusual souvenir on the wall of his office. It is a surveillance photograph, showing two robbers — each unaware of the others presence — simultaneously robbing the same bank branch in Hollywood.

Unfortunately the crook left his dog at the bank. It led police straight to him . . .

Every picture tells a story, and the FBI at least always have their officers carry a wad of photographs of suspects when investigating new robberies. Frank Calley, head of one of the FBI offices in Santa Ana, California, recounts one particular instance: Calley was routinely showing a recently-robbed bank teller a selection of photos of currently active suspects, putting the more likely suspects in front of her, and discarding to one side the less likely ones. Suddenly the girl picked up one of the discarded photos and asked, *'He's been robbing banks? You want him?'* It was the teller's estranged husband, snapped by a security camera on another job.

The advent of the surveillance camea has also, naturally enough, necessitated the use of counter measures by intending criminals, the most obvious of which has been a disguise. However some of these disguises have been so obvious as to border on lunacy. A whole range of inspired and wonderful disguises have been employed from time to time, amongst which have been a woman in a full nun's habit who held up a San Francisco bank; a bank at Evansville, Indiana which experienced a Christmas-time robbery by an armed bandit in a Santa Claus outfit and high heels; and other robberies committed by villains in full dress tuxedos, and even complete clown outfits, including funny hats and green wigs.

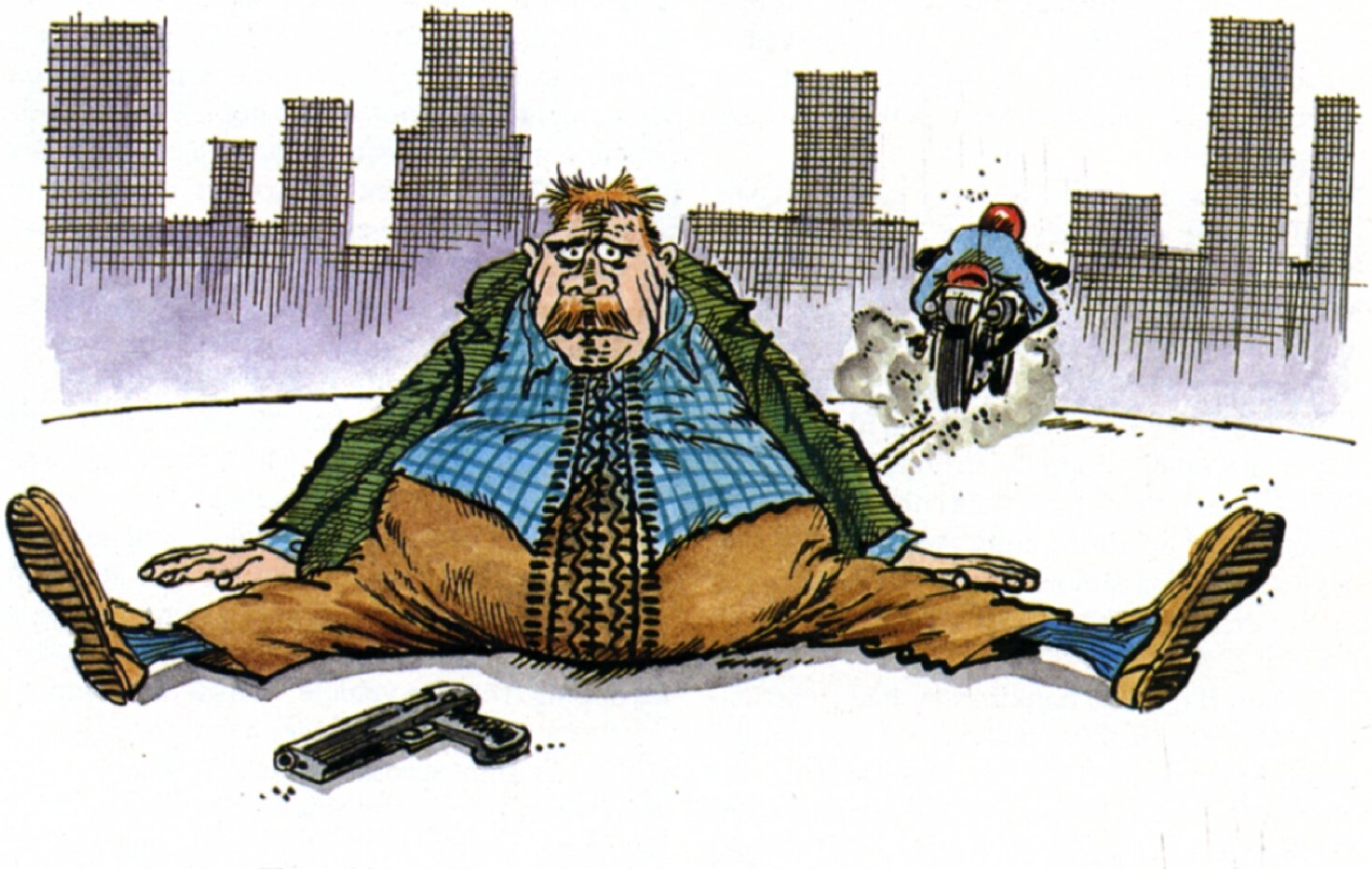
Three hold-up men pulled a job in a savings and loan bank in Oakland, California, dressed in full Samurai warrior costume. So striking was their appearance that an astonished passer-by couldn't resist noting their getaway car licence plate number, and their arrest subsequently followed.

A bandit intent on robbing a store in Riverside, Los Angeles, used a pillowcase over his head to conceal his identity. Unfortuately he had forgotten to cut eyeholes in it, and ended up crashing and bumping into display cases. Finally, desperate to make his escape, he lifted up the corner in order to find the exit, and was instantly recognized by another customer.

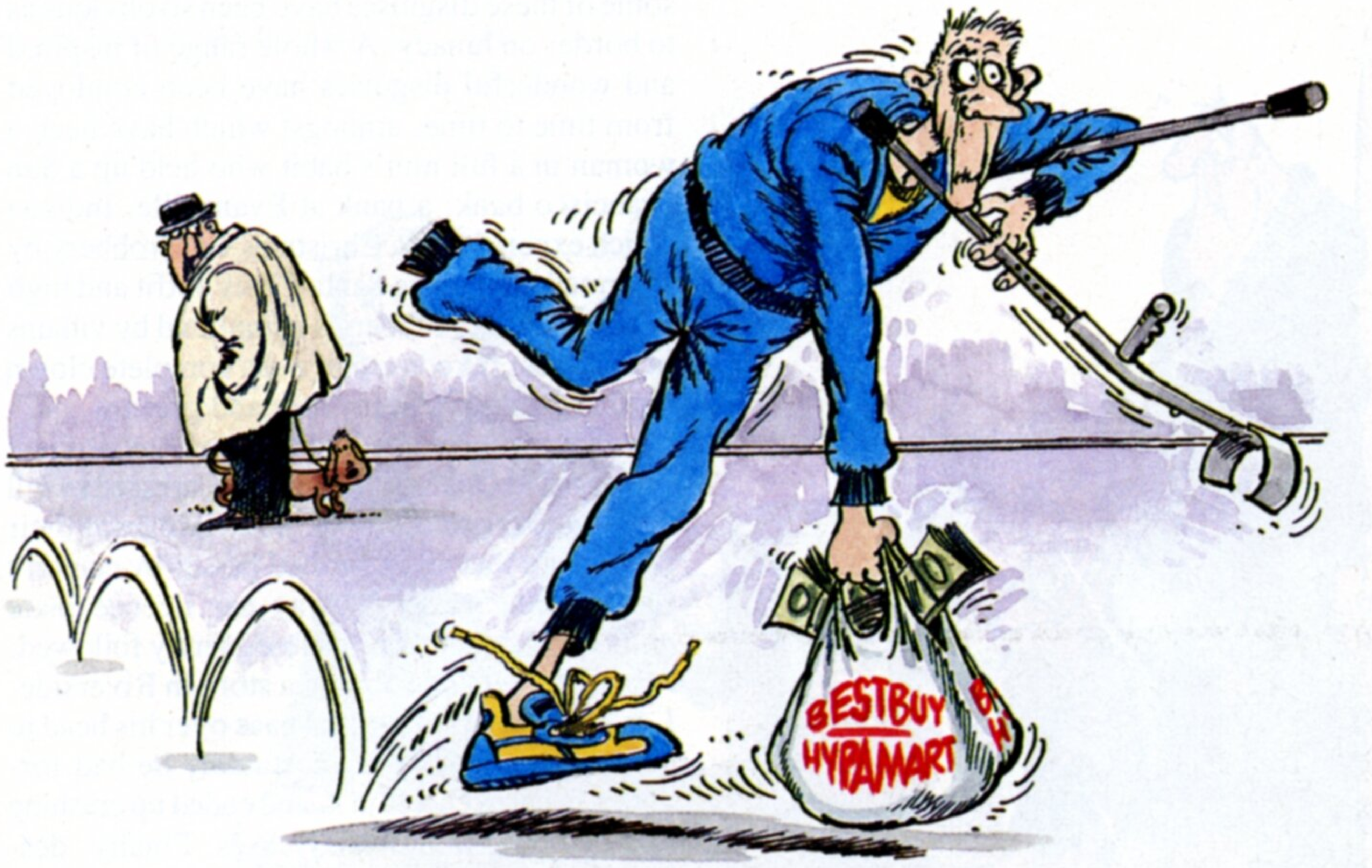
Losing one's cool when committing a crime has been the downfall of scores of robbers, and they usually leave some traceable artifact behind them. A gunman who robbed a Paris grocers lost his hat as he ran away from the scene. A passer-by picked it up and gave it to the police, who noted the man's name and address was neatly printed inside. They arrived at his home in time to arrest him before he'd even counted his loot.

A bank robber in California was even more unfortunate in making his escape. As he ran to the plate glass exit doors he inadvertently pushed his hand through one of them — and left his thumb behind. For the police this invaluable article yeilded a perfect print for indentification purposes, and they located the thief shortly afterwards at a hospital emergency room.

The fear of leaving finger prints is a constant one for all criminals. The notorious gangster John Dillinger, knew that the Federal Agents had a full set of his fingerprints, and would, sooner or later, indentify him. Dillinger decided to change his prints, and attempted to do so by dipping his finger tips in a saucer of acid. Enduring several weeks of pain whilst the wounds healed,



The robber took aim at the motorcyclist — who ran him over . . .



A one legged basketball player hopping off with stolen loot was rather conspicuous . . .

Dillinger had his new prints tested, only to discover that they had grown exactly the same as his old ones.

Another of the unknown quantities in robbery is the general public, and how they react. A San Diego bank robber planned his particular job with all the usual accuracy, only to find as he was running out through the doors that he was on a collision course with his own mother — who was on her way in to make a deposit. She immediately turned him in.

At Upland, California, a robber simply chose the wrong line in which to stand prior to handing the girl teller his demand note. Immediately behind him was the father of the girl teller, who objected to criminals pestering his daughter. He promptly floored the villain, and then sat on him until the police arrived.

Yet more unfortunate was another American hold-up man, who took his dog with him on a job. Tying the dog up outside, he entered the bank, did his stick-up, and then ran out through another entrance. By the time the police arrived, the robber was well on his way home, but man's best friend was still sitting patiently outside the bank. When they realised who the dog's likely owner was, the investigating officers simply untied him, said, 'Home, boy,' and followed at a discreet distance. The dog wagged his tail, and the robber sadly shook his head, as the cuffs were slapped on him.

Making a good getaway is a very important part of all smart robberies. One robber in Los Angeles, a former basketball player with one leg, had a bank cashier fill his holdall with money, and then made his getaway on his singular foot. It apparently never occurred to him that with a cache of money under one arm and his crutches under the other, hopping furiously down the road, he was a shade more than conspicuous. The police found an almost unbroken chain of witnesses stretching almost 15 miles from the scene of the crime to the robber's home in South-Central L.A.

In Milan, Italy, one bank robber had a particularly notable stream of bad luck. As he entered a bank he tripped and fell, his mask came off, and his revolver went off too. Hastily jumping to his feet he rushed towards the counter, and slipped and fell over again. This was too much for the bank staff and the customers, who were now convulsed with laughter. Experiencing sensations somewhat akin to panic, the embarrassed robber cut short his venture, and fled back to his getaway car — and straight into the arms of a waiting policeman. He had been illegally parked, and the officer had just finished writing a ticket for him.

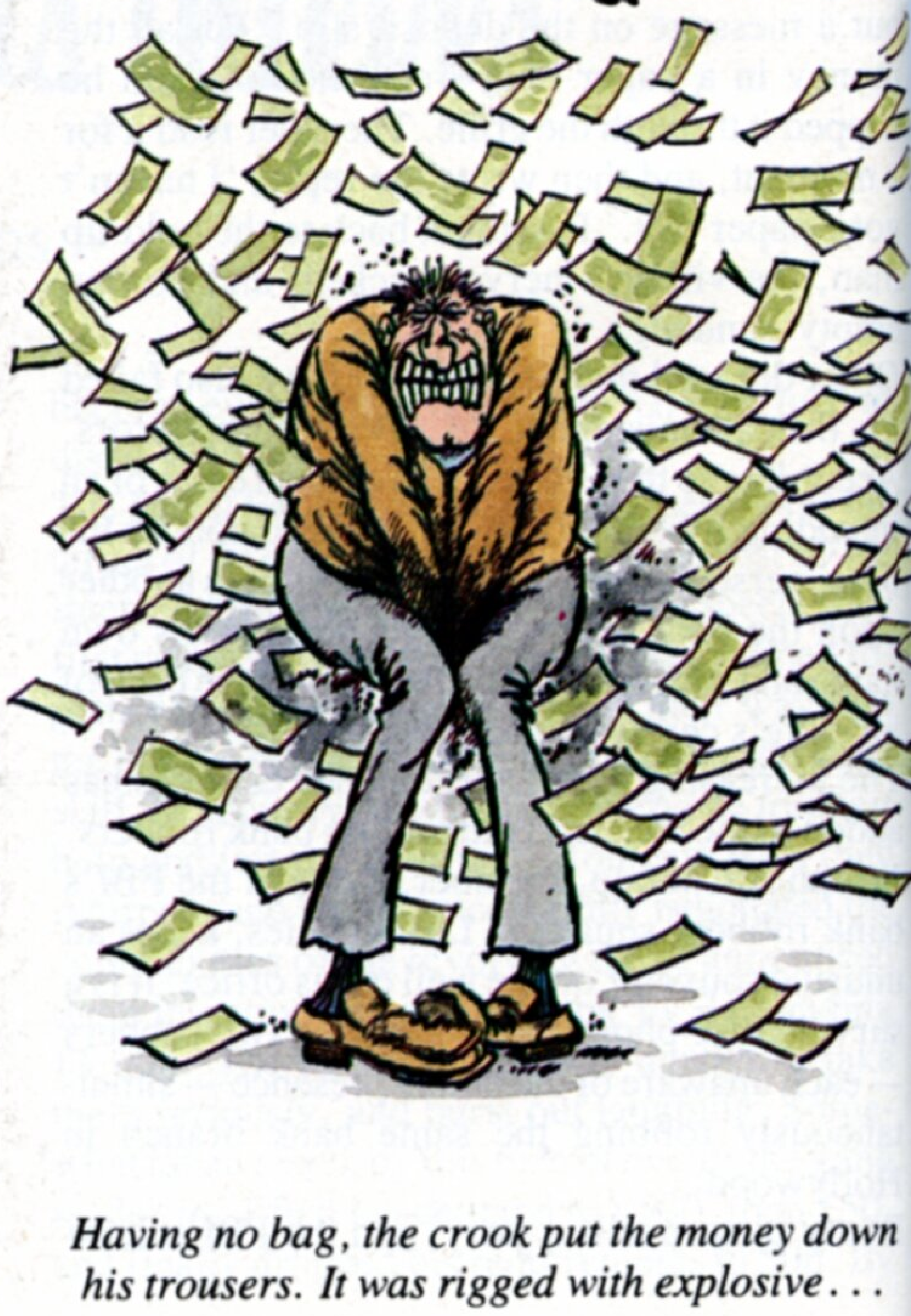
A gunman in Denver, Colorado, succeeded in pulling off his robbery, *and* made a getaway. On the way home, however he crashed his car into a lamp post. Abandoning his car, he then made the rest of his way home on foot. Then whilst fumbling for his door key, he accidently shot himself in the leg. When the police arrived he was still outside the door, holding his leg with one hand, and his loot with the other.

Two first-time bank robbers in East Los Angeles made a getaway that was fated at *every* turn. Whilst the getaway driver sat outside with the engine idling, his partner entered the bank with his gun at the ready. The actual stick-up went through with no problems, the bank teller simply gave him all the money he could carry. The bank customers, however, were less than obliging, and immediately set about him. Dodging the raining fists and blows, the pannicky villain made for the door, with the screaming mob of law abiders in close pursuit. Outside, in the getaway car, the driver stared with startled horror at the sight of his confederate hot-footing it, with the makings of a lynching mob emerging close behind. The moment the robber reached the getaway car the driver put his foot down, and roared off through the car park with his accomplice hanging on to the door handle as he was dragged through the parking lot. The smooth getaway was abruptly halted when a van, reversing out of a parking bay, flattened a good part of the front end of the car, whilst the robber was sent sprawling across the roadway. The car was stopped, but only momentarily — long enough for the robber to scamble to his feet and leap inside. Then they were off once again, with tyres screeching and shards of metal and glass dropping from the vehicle. Whilst this criminal burlesque was taking place, a motorcyclist at a filling station across the street observed the happenings, and as the thieves set off once again on their escape, the motorcyclist entered the great race in enthusiastic pursuit. For several miles the getaway car weaved through the downtown traffic, desperately trying to shake off their pursuer, but all to no avail. Finally, the robber in the car with the gun decided to put a stop to this caper, and got his buddy to pull to the side of the road. Determined to stop the motorcyclist once and for all, he leapt out of the car, stood in the classic firing stance in the road with the gun aimed at the approaching motorcyclist. Then WHAM . . . the rider opened up his machine, and ran down the gunman. By the time the police got to the scene the discouraged gunman had a well defined tyre mark all the way up his chest.

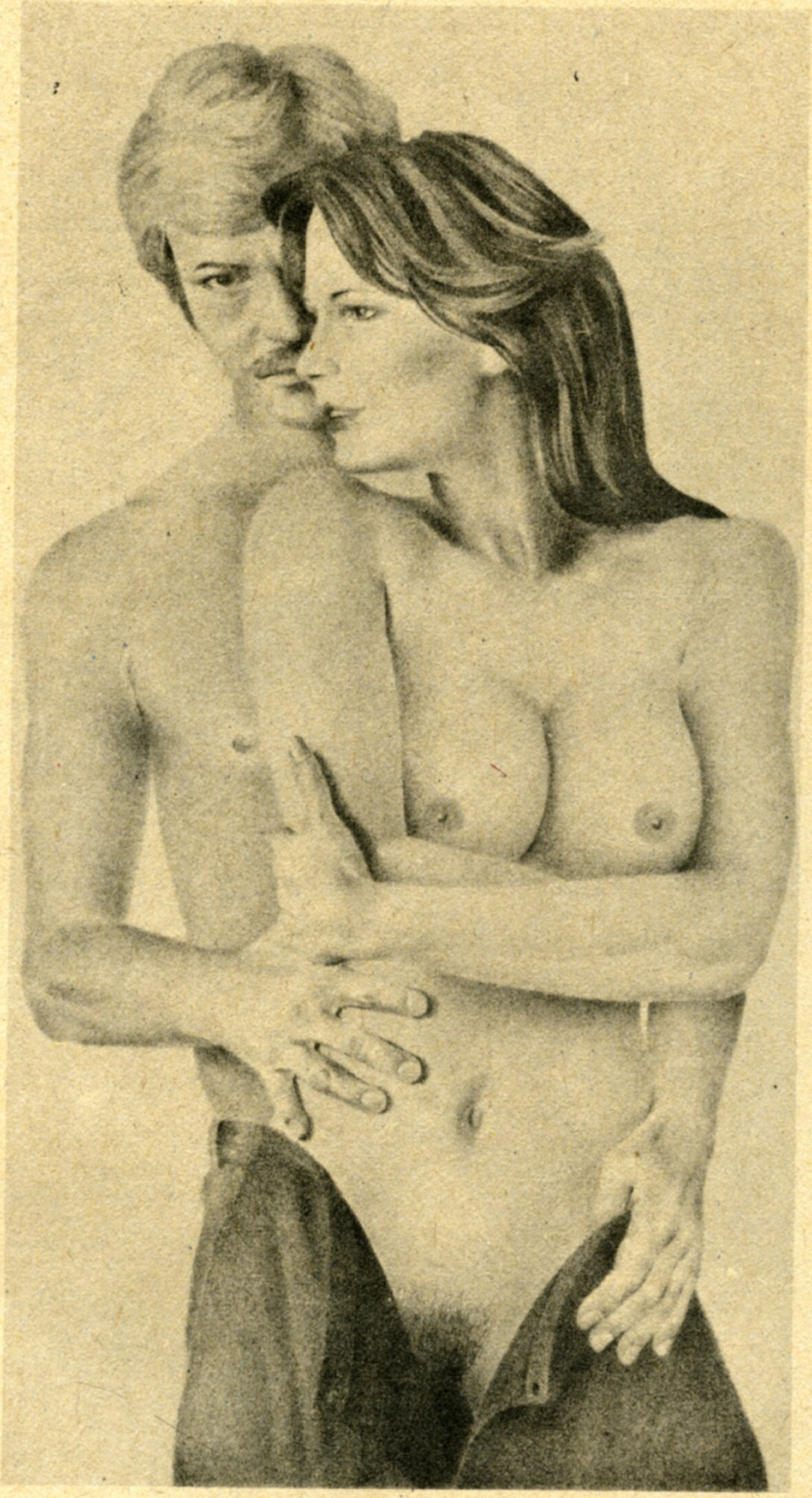
Protecting banks, their employees, and the customers in general, is a continual headache for all security men. The general rule of thumb is that when a stick-up occurs, you give them the money, and hope for the best. The next stage in the proceedings (apart from alerting the law), is to try and make the take as worthless as possible to the villains. Most banks in America use specially marked wads of money which can be traced, and hopefully lead to the arrest of the culprits. One American banking group introduced a refinement to this technique. They had wads of money fitted up with a small explosive charge and dye. The intention was for the seized money to suddenly explode, and cover the criminal with a readily identifiable colouring. The explosion itself was a specially contrived effect, with little force, but high flash. On occasions it went wrong.

One robber, unknowingly emerged from a bank with a carrier bag stuffed with the bank's funny money. He caused great delight amongst passers-by, when the bag exploded, and the money went gaily billowing down the street — like manna from heaven — and the jovial public joined in this fiscal free-for-all.

In another case, the robber got considerably more than he bargained for. At gun-point the teller slyly handed him one of the bank's special money wads. Not seeking the encumberance of a bag to carry his ill-gotten gains in, the robber simply stuffed it down the front of his trousers. He was halfway down the block when the device erupted, brightly colouring the parts all the other banks couldn't reach. His personal plumbing was disrupted for weeks to come.



Having no bag, the crook put the money down his trousers. It was rigged with explosive . . .



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eighteen

A past event can often shape our sexual preferences, be it a missed opportunity or something we long to re-enact. Quest meets three people who have had a chance to re-live a vivid erotic recollection

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

HAIRDRESSER, 27, blonde, town of origin Bradford

This interviewee trained in a salon after leaving school and then went freelance, later spending three years on cruise liners. She now manages a salon and lives with her fiancé.

Quest: Are memories important to you?
Hairdresser: Oh yes. Aren't they to everyone? I've got boxes of photos I took when I was on the liners.
Quest: Are any of them sexually significant?
Hairdresser: There is a dirty video — but I haven't got it.
Quest: A video featuring yourself?
Hairdresser: Yes, only an amateur one. The fellow had his own camera. But I don't think it would have happened if the situation hadn't reminded me of something that happened years before.
Quest: What did this video show?
Hairdresser: I was with someone called Simon who was my boyfriend at the time. His cousin — I forget his name, Barry I think — had the camera. They were sharing a cabin on a cruise I worked.
Quest: Did you undress for this video?
Hairdresser: Well, yes.
Quest: Did you and your boyfriend make love?
Hairdresser: We were messing about on Simon's bed, kissing and cuddling each other.
Quest: And you had intercourse?
Hairdresser: Yes.
Quest: Did you and Simon just decide you wanted his cousin to video you having sex? Was it *your* idea?
Hairdresser: Oh no! I'm pretty uninhibited, but I don't make a point of having it off in front of people! It just happened. All three of us had been drinking all evening. I went back to the boys' cabin for a night cap. Barry flaked out in a chair instantly, and Simon and I curled on his bed. And we just started petting. It was our last night together, after all.
Quest: Did you intend to have full sex?
Hairdresser: I wanted him, yes, and as we were kissing it was pretty obvious how hard he was. I must admit I gave him a bit of a rub to encourage him — not that he needed it!
Quest: So Barry's presence didn't bother you?
Hairdresser: Not if he was asleep, no. I didn't plan on having Simon chase me naked round the cabin, mind. We tried to be quiet. I just let him

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MORE DESIRES WITHIN YOUNG GIRLS
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100 More Desires Within Young Girls
A story of youthful lust

Excitingly Erotically DIFFERENT
KUMI TAGUCHI
EMMANUELLE IN TOKYO
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Her approach is excitingly and erotically different

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107 Undergraduate Girls
No imagination needed - the girls graduate with flying colours

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NON STOP SEX ACTION!
THE LUSTFUL ADVENTURES OF A GIRL HUNGRY FOR SEX
FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY
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109 Girl of Passion
Beautiful and hungry for sex, She knows how to get it!

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110 Untamed sex
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The sound of leather, the smell of hay—she dominates everything

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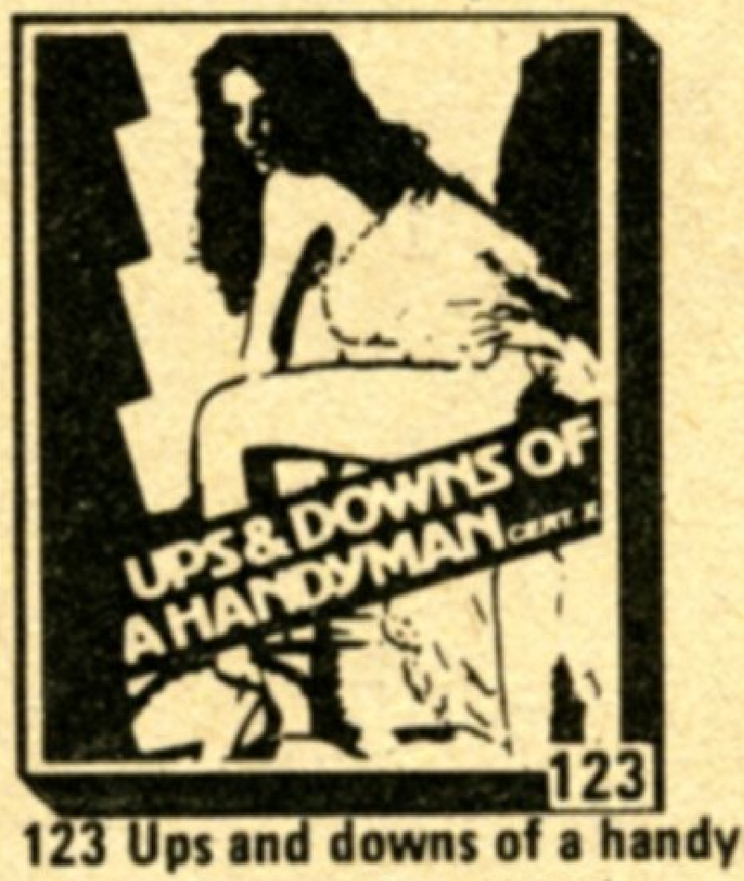
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123 Ups and downs of a handyman
Constantly coping with the housewives needs

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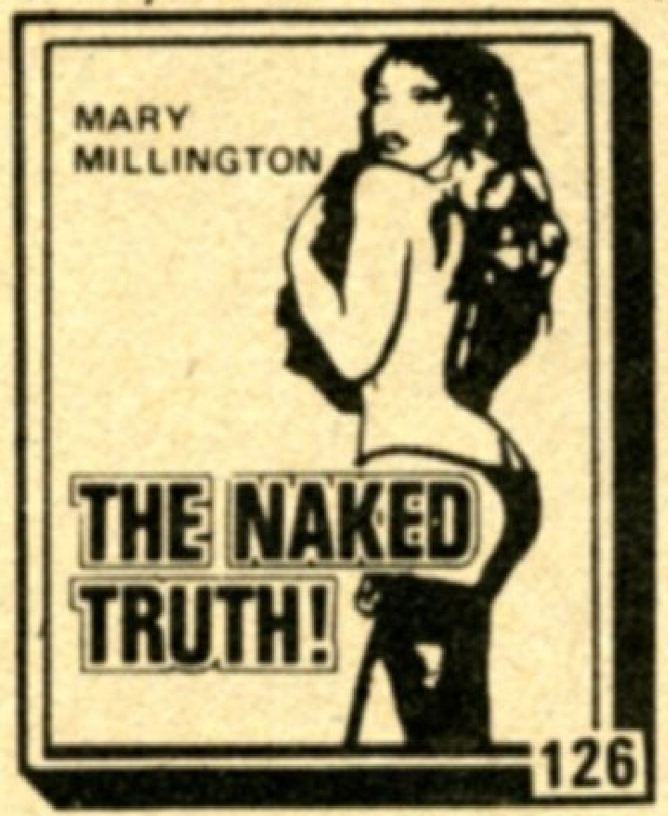
125 Behind Bars
Behind bars there are only girls, some beautiful, some cruel.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126 The Naked Truth
Stars Mary Millington who shares her luscious body with anyone

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from Hokushin
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127 Queen of the Blues
Mary Millington turns a gentlemans club into a strip club

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130 Daughter of Emmanuelle
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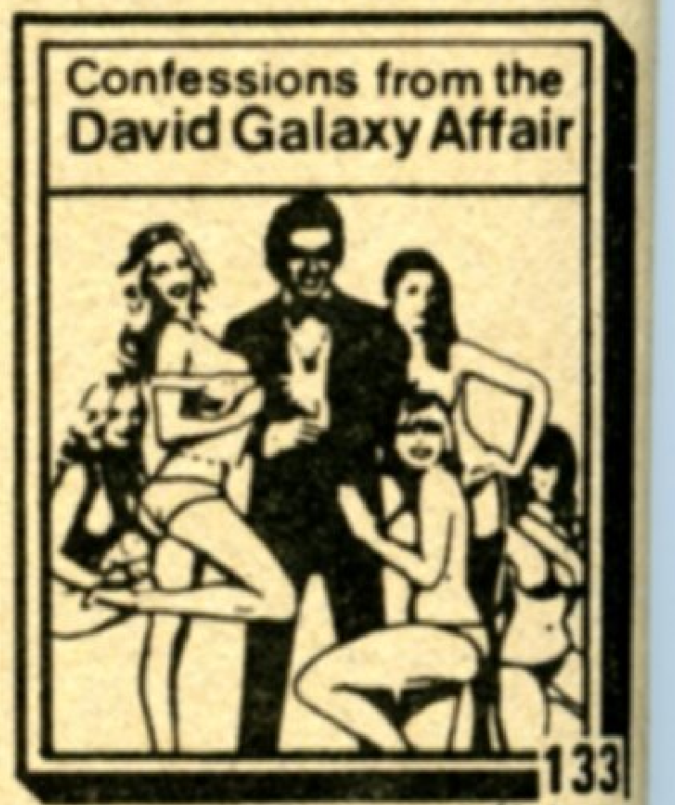
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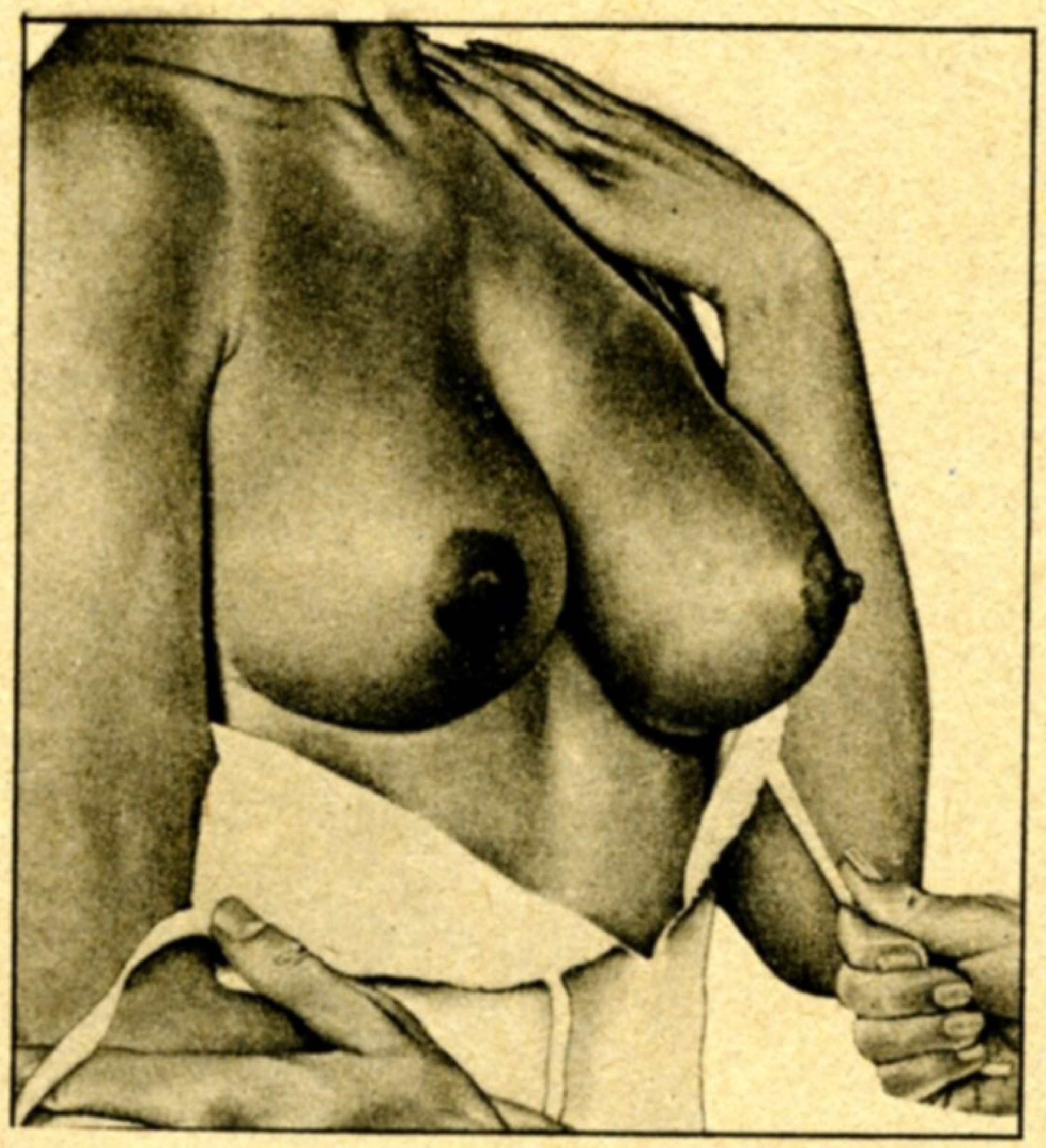

pull down the top of my dress — it was a halter neck so I wasn't wearing a bra. Then I took my pants off under my dress to make it easier for him, while he pushed his trousers and pants down — I even had to help him with that, he was so pickled. *Then* he insisted he wanted me completely naked, which I wanted anyway.

Quest: How soon did you have intercourse?

Hairdresser: Not as soon as I would have liked! Simon's trouble was that the spirit was raring to go — he was just having a little trouble with the flesh. He had a lovely big hard-on, but he just didn't have the puff left to get on top of me, and give me a 'good seeing-to' — as my fiancé puts it so elegantly! He wanted me to get on top of him, and do it that way.

Quest: Didn't that appeal to you?

Hairdresser: Oh I like it whichever way. It's just that I was tired too, and sometimes it takes me a while to come, and when I'm doing all the work I tend to run out of puff beforehand. So I was being lazy, lying on top of him, and rubbing my pussy up and down the length of his shaft, just to feel him against my clitty — and to drive him wild enough to just get up and do me. But he just lay there and enjoyed it! I was pretty worked up and wet by then anyway, so I got up and straddled him. Then I took hold of him and fed it into my pussy — I had to go right up to my knees to get the tip under me. Mind you, the feeling of him pushing up into me was gorgeous. Then, when we'd both got our breath back, I began to slide up and down his shaft, as slowly as I could manage at first.

Quest: Did Simon contribute anything?

Hairdresser: Not much — lazy sod! He did hold my breasts and stroke my nipples, which I do like. We were just getting into a lovely smooth rhythm when I caught sight of Barry.

Quest: Where exactly was he?

Hairdresser: In the far corner. And I could see his eyes were now open.

Quest: How did you react?

Hairdresser: I was mortified. It was bad enough to be found screwing, but Barry was getting a nice full frontal view of me too. Then he reached down, and picked up his video camera. Then the cheeky sod started filming.

Quest: Was Simon aware of this?

Hairdresser: No, his eyes were shut, and he was well away anyway.

Quest: Did you stop making love?

Hairdresser: No.

Quest: Why, if you were so embarrassed? Did the idea of being watched turn you on?

Hairdresser: Yes! I sound like some sort of pervert now, don't I?

Quest: You ignored the camera?

Hairdresser: No I played up to it actually!

Quest: How?

Hairdresser: I started moving about more, moaning louder — I held Simon's hands against my breasts — I lifted up much higher so his cock was virtually out of me, then I gave tiny quick little jerks, just rolling him round the edges of my lips. Then, when he was gasping for me, I sunk down on him suddenly so his whole length went right up me. *He* thought it was fantastic, of course! But that wasn't all. I got off him at one point, moved down his body, and took hold of his Old Man. Then I licked all my juices off him, all the way round the shaft, right to the top, then I popped it in my mouth, and sucked him clean. After that I turned round, and tried to see if I could get him into me if I was facing towards his legs — sort of doggy fashion but upside down. But the angles were all wrong, and he kept popping out. He seemed pretty close to spurting, so I got back on top, and we finished like that.

Quest: How was Barry responding to all this?

Hairdresser: He got a hard-on! It was very obvious when he got up.

Quest: He filmed you in close-up?

> ❛ Recalling that girl with two naked men had inspired me. So I bounced away on Simon as Barry filmed us ❜

Hairdresser: The camera had one of those telephoto things, but right at the end he came over to us. I really went over the top, though.

Quest: In what way?

Hairdresser: I was bounding up and down on Simon, really pounding it, and I could see by his face he was almost there, so I started moaning, 'Oh darling — darling — harder — harder — *fuck me*!' And right in the middle *I* started to come, and that set Simon's cock jumping and spurting. Then Barry swore, and I found out afterwards he'd got so excited he'd come in his pants. Of course Simon realised then something was wrong, and there was an argument. I think Simon was shocked I'd gone along with it.

Quest: You said something in the past helped it to happen. Do you mean you've always been an exhibitionist?

Hairdresser: I always used to have fantasies about being outrageous in public. But I never had the courage to do anything about it. No, it was someone else I was reminded of.

Quest: Who was that?

Hairdresser: A girl who lived in the same house as me when I first left home. She was blonde and glamorous, a bit tarty too, but I quite admired that. I never really talked to her but I'm sure she was on the game, at least part of the time.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Hairdresser: Because she was always being picked up by fellows in nice cars, and usually the cars were there in the morning. I think she did escort work actually, and a bit of freelancing on the side. But what I saw convinced me.

Quest: What did you see?

Hairdresser: She had a one bedroom flat on the same floor as me, but I was in a bedsit in the extension so her bedroom window just overlooked mine. She didn't fuss about the curtain. I remember coming home late, and seeing this red glow in her bedroom window. So, being nosy, I looked closer. And I suddenly realised I was staring at her naked back.

Quest: Was she completely naked?

Hairdresser: The window had nets, so I wasn't sure until she turned, and I saw she was. I remember thinking what an absolutely gorgeous body she had. She looked fabulous. I'm not trying to sound kinky or anything, but I do admire nice bodies. She knelt down in front of a wardrobe with a mirror in the front, and these lovely thighs spread into the most gorgeous shape. Suddenly I glimpsed another face in the mirror, and a man appeared behind her, reached down, and put a hand on each of her buttocks, obviously fondling them. But what really jolted me was that he wasn't wearing a stitch either. He looked quite young, thirtyish at most. The girl turned her head and I could see her smiling. Then they both stood up, embracing and kissing.

Quest: You weren't worried about being a Peeping Tom?

Hairdresser: No, I just thought how lovely and sexy they looked, though I did duck right back in case they looked out. But I needn't have bothered because at that moment *someone else* stepped right in front of the window, and snapped the curtains across.

Quest: Who was this?

Hairdresser: Another man — in his forties, I'd say — I'd seen him with the girl before. But what took my breath away was the fact that he was naked too, and sporting the most enormous erection.

Quest: You're sure?

Hairdresser: Some things I don't mistake, believe me! My mind just boggled. What could they possibly be up to? A threesome? Or was she putting on a show with the younger guy for the benefit of the older one? Either way she was striding around naked, being 'done' by one guy with another looking on. God, I had goose pimples all night after that.

Quest: The situation turned you on?

Hairdresser: Oh enormously. It seemed like all the best and worst of all my fantasies rolled into one. I mean, people actually *behaved* like that! Then suddenly with Simon it all came back — and I supposed I seized my chance to act it out.

Quest: Did you see your video later?

Hairdresser: Barry invited me to see it in his cabin. But we only managed a couple of minutes before it became obvious he wanted to do a re-run, starring himself. I didn't fancy him, and once in a lifetime is enough to be completely disgusting! So all I got was a dim impression of my bum bouncing up and down, looking absolutely huge! That'll have to be my final memory.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

FILM CAMERAMAN, 35 years old, town of origin Bexley

This — male — interviewee joined a news agency after leaving school, and eventually trained as a cinematographer. Now freelancing, he works mainly in news and documentary. He is separated and lives alone.

Quest: Does memory mean a lot to you in your sex life?

Cameraman: Well, I've never quite forgotten

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how to do it — even after a few pints! But, yes, I think memories shape anyone's sex life. I mean, people don't become fetishists unless they remember something that turned them on a lot in the past. Not that I'm particularly kinky, no more than everyone else.

Quest: So particular memories can affect your sexual responses now?

Cameraman: Oh yes. I can give you a perfect example. There's a girl I know who works behind the bar in a drinking club I go to quite often. I say 'girl' — she's probably my age — a slightly brassy redhead, attractive in a fairly obvious way, but a nice figure, always showing off her boobs in tight tops which make them bulge out. They look enormous. We've always got on well — we have this sort of fancying banter we keep going. She does it with other fellows there too. I threaten to come behind the bar and tickle her fancy — it's not exactly subtle stuff. It's just a laugh.

Quest: But she took it seriously?

Cameraman: No, Karen's quite sensible underneath all the chat — at least I hope so. We just had a few too many one night — or rather I did — and mutally decided to see if it was all just blarney.

Quest: How exactly?

Cameraman: I stayed on after closing time to give her a hand tidying up. She's got a little flat about half a mile away. So I walked her home, got invited in for a nightcap and — Bob's your uncle — the big clinch over the bottle of Gordon's. We went straight from there to the bedroom. There wasn't any farting about.

Quest: So you had intercourse with her?

Cameraman: I fully anticipated fucking the lovely squashy arse off her — in spite of being more than a little merry. She turned down the light, sat me on the bed, and did a lovely strip tease, right down to the stockings and suspender belt she always wore because the lads in the club insisted. She had a bit of a spare tyre, but a fabulous little figure — really slim women do nothing for me. Down came her knickers with these thick bushy pubes peeping over the elastic, and then — the grand finale. She reached up and unclipped her bra, which her tits were literally bulging out of — I couldn't understand why her nipples didn't simply pop out under the pressure. And then she let her bra cups slip away and I realised why.

Quest: Which was?

Cameraman: In a word, she drooped. She did have very large boobs — I'm sure at sixteen or seventeen she'd have been 38 D-cup or more, and absolutely sensational. But *tempus fugit*, and they were more like loose squashy pillows now. I literally felt my cock wilt, and I knew that never in a million years would I be able to screw her.

Quest: So what did you do?

Cameraman: At that moment I faked it — because I was a coward, and I didn't want to hurt her. I pretended to be as knocked out as she obviously hoped I would be. Then she patted the bed, and told me to get undressed and get in, so I did.

Quest: Surely, if you were so intent on saving her feelings, it wasn't beyond you to imagine someone else in her place.

Cameraman: No, of course not — normally. But I'd been on beers with vodka chasers all evening, and the main point of the exercise — at least in sexual terms — was fondling Karen's tremendous boobs. Once that had gone it was instant brewer's droop.

Quest: How did Karen react?

Cameraman: Better than I deserved, I'm sure. She was very sympathetic. She didn't give up. She took hold of my cock, and started stroking it gently with one finger, telling me what a nice one I had. Then she curled round in the bed, and began rubbing it between her boobs — apparently that had always been a surefire move with her ex-husband. Perhaps he'd known her in ampler times. I don't know. I just began to feel an idiot. Then she asked if I liked my women to be 'bold'.

> ‘She pulled the long PVC boots on, looking just like that photo I saw years ago. I felt myself hardening’

Quest: What did that entail?

Cameraman: I asked her, and she just smiled, took my hand, and lay back. Then she pressed it over her nipples and the curve of her boobs, over her tummy, down into her little pubic jungle. She took one of my fingers then, and started probing around with it until I felt something hot and moist. She gave a little sigh, and grinned up at me. 'Feel how wet I am,' she whispered. 'That's how much I want you.' Then she moved my finger around a bit more. 'Can you feel it?' she said. 'That's my clitty. You've made it nice and hard. You can stroke it if you like. Gently, mind. Now give me your other hand.' I lifted it up, and she reached over, and pulled it down onto her pussy, taking a couple of fingers, and pushing them between her soft, wet lips. 'Put a finger inside me,' she murmured. 'That's it. Now move it in and out as if you were fucking me — not too fast now — and gently rub my clitty at the same time.'

Quest: Did you do that?

Cameraman: Oh yes. It was obviously something she got off on tremendously. Her eyes closed, she started breathing deeply, I could feel her vaginal muscles clenching and unclenching on the two fingers I had just inside her. In fact I thought it was a way for me to escape with honour intact, as it were — if I could bring her off by masturbating her. The irony was, though, that as she got more and more worked up, and I began finger-fucking her quite vigorously, it suddenly dawned on me that this was bloody sexy. And then just when I thought I could nudge her over the edge she suddenly frowned, and began pushing my hands away, and reaching down between my legs. 'Get on me — ' she hissed. 'Put it in. I want to feel you.' Then her hand touched my cock, which admittedly wasn't entirely limp any more, and she gave this loud, wailing sigh and then groaned.

Quest: What did you do then?

Cameraman: I started to climb between her legs. I just hoped I'd be stiff enough to do something. Then I happened to glance across the room, and I saw the boots.

Quest: What boots were these?

Cameraman: Would you believe thigh-length PVC boots? They were a pair the owner of the bar had brought in for Karen to wear — as a joke. And there they were — lying in a corner of Karen's bedroom.

Quest: I thought you said you weren't kinky?

Cameraman: No more than usual, I said. Seeing those boots brought back this blinding memory of the very first time I'd pulled my pudding deliberately. It had been looking at a picture out of a fairly straight photo magazine my brother had bought. It showed this pretty blonde girl from behind, looking over her shoulder at the camera. She's been completely naked, except for these long black PVC boots, going right up to the crease under each bum cheek. That picture had burned into my memory, almost as much as my first girlfriend. I'd had blondes since, but never the boots.

Quest: Are you saying you tried?

Cameraman: Not seriously. I asked my wife to leave her boots on in bed once, just to see if it made a difference, and she wouldn't stop laughing. But this time was different.

Quest: Go on.

Cameraman: I said to Karen, 'Why don't you put on the boots?' She thought I was joking too, only she wasn't so happy about it. Then she realised I was serious. 'Well, Christ,' she said, 'if it's going to give you a hard-on I'll stand on my head, and whistle *Dixie*!' So she got up, trounced over to the corner, and started dragging them on. We were both grinning now, because it *was* bloody stupid, but then she straightened up in the things, and she looked fabulous. I made her turn round, running my hands up and down the boots and her body, seeing how her bum cheeks covered the top of the plastic. At the end I was standing behind her, holding her boobs from behind, and rolling her nipples between my fingers. She sighed, and leaned back against me. Then she gave a little gasp as she realised it wasn't just my leg standing up against her bum cheek. She chuckled, and asked what I was going to do with 'that thing'. So I said, 'I thought I might fuck you up against the dresser, if you fancy the idea.' She shuddered and whispered, 'Make it over the end of the bed, love. I can feel you more that way.'

Quest: And did you oblige?

Cameraman: Of course. She lay flat on the bed, hanging over the end from the waist down so her feet touched the carpet. Then she opened her legs, raised her bum, and I knelt behind her, and slid my cock straight into her pussy. Then I humped her while she hissed at me, 'Push — push! — harder — harder — !' By the time she came I was pumping into her so hard I was nearly yanking her off the bed. Then I turned her over onto her back, got on top, and fucked her in that position, a bit less vigorously this time, until I

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spunked off. I don't claim to have amazing powers of self control — I was just completely knackered by then!

Quest: But who were you actually making love to — Karen or the boots she wore?

Cameraman: Definitely Karen. I had no problem in the morning, and she didn't sleep in boots. It was just a particularly potent memory helping me overcome a problem — and have a lovely time. I don't see any harm in it.

Quest: Do you still see Karen?

Cameraman: I've seen her at the club, and we're still friends. Going to bed didn't hurt that. It improved it if anything.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

EXECUTIVE, 34 years old, brunette, town of origin Manchester

This interviewee was a secretary before training as an accountant. She joined her present company four years ago. She is divorced and owns her own flat.

Quest: Would you say your sex life is especially memorable?

Executive: No! Well, in parts it has been — that sounds like an awful pun, doesn't it?

Quest: Do you enjoy sex?

Executive: Yes I do. I always have. I remember my ex-husband being surprised about that. After we'd broken up — when we couldn't have two words together without arguing — I still missed it terribly.

Quest: You sound surprised yourself.

Executive: I look much more prim than I think I am — and having a fairly high-powered job has only made that worse.

Quest: You feel you've missed out on sexual opportunities?

Executive: Yes. I'm aware that I let chances go for all sorts of reasons — mainly cowardice or inhibition. So now I'm less — over-cautious.

Quest: Do particular memories act as a trigger?

Executive: Oh yes. I think the idea of having a second crack at a lost opportunity is a very powerful one. It is for me, anyway.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Executive: By acting out a kind of fantasy. Not a specially original one — the idea of dozens of men being absolutely crazy for you, and just having you one after another.

Quest: Like a gang bang?

Executive: Not so crude. I'd be in charge, and all these men would be like putty in my hands, queueing up beside my bed.

Quest: And you had sex with dozens of men?

Executive: No! It was only two actually, but within minutes of each other. I think that's pretty astonishing — for me at any rate.

Quest: And this happened — or nearly happened — on an earlier occasion?

Executive: When I was nineteen. I was still a secretary then. I'd just started sleeping with my first boyfriend.

Quest: Satisfactorily?

Executive: Not really. I think I picked him because he seemed as shy as I was, but he wasn't so much shy as dull. The sex really began just to liven things up. I was curious too — all the girls I knew seemed to be rolling about in bed with their boyfriends. I did take the initiative a bit when Malcolm suggested fairly awkwardly I might like to stay over at his place after a date one night. And it was nice for a while, but once the glow had worn off, he was still the same boring person.

Quest: Did you want to be naughtier?

Executive: Only at this party we went to. They were people from Malcolm's work — much livelier than his normal run of friends. And these very good-looking boys both came after me.

Quest: Did you know them?

Executive: No. They just started chatting to me while I was getting some food for Malcolm in the kitchen. John and Steve — I think they were their names — were like a double act, very funny. And, best of all, they treated me like an attractive girl, even though I really couldn't handle them.

> ‘I could never forget the time I woke up to find one man's hand on my breasts, and another's in my knickers’

Quest: And they made passes?

Executive: John, the dark one, lived upstairs, and offered to show me some ornament or something he'd brought back from Spain. But I wouldn't go up to his room on my own until Steve said he'd come too. I felt a bit awkward about leaving Malcolm but I thought it would be alright for a few minutes. And as soon as I was up there, Steve disappeared.

Quest: And John made a pass?

Executive: Very quickly. I wanted him to — though I'd no idea how I'd react. And he just grabbed me, and kissed me as soon as Steve had gone. He kissed me very well, too — so well he had me on the bed before I knew what was happening.

Quest: Did you object?

Executive: I didn't so much object as panic because it was so obvious he knew exactly what he wanted, and how to get it — unlike safe old Malcolm. So when I made it obvious I wasn't just going to let him have me, he brought out a bottle of wine. Gradually we were cuddling up and kissing, and his hand was sliding under my sweater. I was telling him all the time he shouldn't. Then he managed to lift my bra, and began to stroke my nipples. That had me in seventh heaven. You've no idea what that does to me! And then I seemed to pass out.

Quest: Completely?

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Executive: Yes, mainly with the wine. The next thing I remember is waking up, and it was virtually dark. What's more I felt extremely randy. Then I realised why. My sweater was rucked up around my neck, I could feel cool air on my boobs, and someone was stroking one. At the same time I became aware that there was another hand between my legs — and not just touching my pants, but actually *inside* them. Fingers were pushing through my pubic hair and rubbing me, right on my clitoris — I could feel myself swimming with wetness — and it was an absolutely glorious sensation. I don't know if I would have just let myself drift away and actually come, but then someone moved beside me, and *someone else* coughed. I just froze solid.

Quest: There were two people with you?

Executive: John *and* Steve. I snapped awake and sat up. Steve was on my right, with his hand on my breast. John was on the other side — no jeans on — obviously about to clamber aboard. I even thought they'd actually had me already, while I was asleep. I put out my hand to push John away, and touched what felt like the most enormous, warm, hard erection. And just to complete my hysteria he suddenly groaned and swore, and his penis jumped against my hand, and I felt it warm, and sticky. I just freaked out. If I hadn't found the key in the lock straightaway I'd have kicked the door down. I locked myself in the nearest loo, cleaned up, and then made Malcolm take me home. At the time I felt awful, but afterwards all my fantasies were about having two lovers or more, one after the other. It's still quite powerful.

Quest: Powerful enough to make you repeat the experience?

Executive: When the opportunity arose, yes, though this was about three years ago, and I was a lot more experienced.

Quest: What happened?

Executive: It was at a conference — fairly inevitably. Most half-attractive women can expect a lot of attention with two or three hundred men taking the weekend off from their wives and girlfriends. To be honest, I was looking forward to some nookie.

Quest: With anyone in particular?

Executive: The man I went with — I'll call him Geoffrey. He worked for another division. He was in his late thirties, quite attractive, married of course. We'd had dinner half a dozen times though we'd never actually gone to bed together — I was still married then, though only in name — but neither of us really had anywhere to go. We made do with the back of Geoffrey's car.

Quest: In what way?

Executive: I used to masturbate him actually. He had a thing about it. I think he enjoyed it more than actually screwing me. And he did the same for me. I'd take off my knickers — usually under my business suit — and he'd stroke and finger my pussy. He was very good at it. He nearly always made me come, and we used to time it so that as I had my climax I could bend over him and suck his penis, and he could come at the same moment. He was terribly impressed that I could swallow it. Apparently his wife hated oral sex.

Quest: So the conference was your first opportunity to have intercourse?

Executive: Yes. We didn't share rooms — that would have been too obvious. But he was supposed to pop into mine later on. The only problem was that at a seminar Geoffrey didn't attend I met this extremely attractive younger man called Paul, who couldn't have been more than twenty-five or six. And he made it very obvious he'd like to go to bed with me. I ended up having dinner with both of them on the Saturday night, and there was this bizarre moment when a hand touched my knee under the table, and I didn't know whose it was. It was a very fraught situation all round because no one seemed to be giving way. And I suddenly had this mental image of John and Steve happening all over again.

Quest: You thought of inviting them both into bed?

Executive: I thought it was the best opportunity I'd probably ever have. But Geoffrey suddenly excused himself and went up to bed — I didn't know if he'd given up or expected me to ditch Paul. So Paul ended up walking me back to my room.

Quest: Did he make any advances?

Executive: All of them. I didn't even suggest a night cap. He simply walked in behind me, shut the door and was all over me. It was lovely! We did it on the end of the bed — very fast and furious. He simply pulled down my pants and unzipped his trousers and screwed me. We didn't even turn the light down. It was spendidly crude. I thought that might be it — a sort of slam bang. But then he insisted on undressing me completely — I made him turn the lights down this time — and we made love beautifully on the bed. He had a gorgeous body — very hard and lithe, and a lovely stiff penis. He put it into me from behind the second time because he wanted to see my bottom properly, he said, and he gave me a beautiful climax, though he wasn't ready to fire again himself. I felt so nice I licked him as best I knew how until he thought he was ready to come again, then I rolled onto my back and pulled him into me. And it was while he was humping me the door opened, and Geoffrey stuck his head round it.

Quest: With what effect?

Executive: It made me feel even randier! Paul didn't notice — he was too busy. Geoffrey just blinked and withdrew. And a second after that Paul was groaning and jerking and spurting into me. Then he slipped out of me and dozed off. I think in any normal circumstances I'd have counted myself lucky, and settled down to sleep. But the whole night, and remembering John and Steve, seemed to have woken me up.

Quest: What did you do?

Executive: I got up, slipped on my raincoat and shoes, and went to see Geoffrey. He'd gone to bed, and was obviously pretty cheesed off. But I told him Paul had refused to take no for an answer, and I'd got away as soon as I could. Then I let my raincoat fall open — he'd never seen me naked before — and as a *coup de grace* I slipped my hand in the fly of his pyjamas, and began to fondle his penis just the way he liked. So within ten minutes of having Paul screw me I was in bed with Geoffrey, grunting and groaning away on top of me — though he only managed it once then, and again in the morning!

Quest: Did you see Paul again?

Executive: Briefly at breakfast. It was only a two day conference. It would have been awkward, though — I wouldn't like a serious boyfriend to think I acted like that all the time.

Quest: Unless your memories set you off again?

Executive: I think I've got them under control now.

Quest: Thank you.

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Belinda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN WASH

Turn off the main road to Dorchester just before you reach Dorset's county town, and you'll find yourself in a lane twisting between high hedgerows. Two miles down it, barely visible, is a driveway leading to a fine old Georgian house. It's the home of 21-year-old Belinda Bellingham and her parents, five horses, two red setters and a cat called Pliny the Elder. Push the doorbell, and the dogs will bark a welcome, closely followed by the appearance of Belinda in jodhpurs, boots and a quilted waistcoat. 'Hello!' she shouts in a not-too-far-back but definitely privately educated accent, then greets you with a kiss full on the lips and a cuddle more deserving of a lifelong friend than a mere acquaintance. But that is typical, as Belinda's friends will testify, of her outgoing personality, and proof, should it be necessary, that girls who are horsey can also be horny.

Not that Belinda 'just rides'. Practically every girl west of Woking does that, she maintains. She practises polo, that sport of future kings, and will show you her cups to prove it. 'I started playing when I was just a little girl, in the pony club,' Belinda said. 'I was a fat little thing then, with a stocky little pony called Tramp. We looked just like one of those Thelwell cartoons. Anyway, the pony club played a sort of polo, and I loved it. Belting down the field, swiping the other girls with my mallet — I was a right little —' She stopped there, just as her Swiss finishing school had taught her, but still giggled at the memory.

The podgy pony club girl is now an elegant 34-23-34 and as at home in her Chelsea *pied à terre* as she is in her jerkin and jodhpurs. 'I know everyone will think that I'm well off,' she said. 'But there's one thing that money doesn't buy me — love. I've been looking for a boyfriend for ages, but the only guys I ever meet are wimps. I'm sure *Mayfair* readers are much more macho.' How could we possibly disagree?

Spitfire

continued from page 71

in the first place. And many a budding Spitfire pilot learned the hard way that if he did not hold the control stick central to prevent the tail rising beyond the horizontal the large two bladed fixed pitch propellor windmilling wildly at the sharp end was likely to strike the ground with dire results on the turf, the machine, and himself!

Neither was it recommended, as was tried by 152 Squadron in Tunisia, to sit two sturdy members of the ground crew on the tailplane during taxiing. On a famous occasion in 1942 one hapless erk riding shotgun on the back end failed to jump clear in time and found himself airborne. Fortunately he kept his nerve, and clung tightly to the fuselage until the pilot, worried by the sluggishness of his controls, chanced to glance in his rear-view mirror. He'd heard of angels many times but he'd never seen one in the flesh before — and certainly not wearing RAF uniform trousers. He returned to terra firma with almost indecent haste, and the shock of touching-down threw the terrified passenger off his involuntary perch. And as the landing-speed of the Spitfire was around 100 mph he was lucky to escape with no more than a broken arm.

Number 19 Squadron at Duxford in Cambridgeshire was the first unit to receive the long awaited Spitfire Mk 1. Deliveries began on August 4, 1938, and re-equipment was completed by December 19. But when war broke out nine months later Air Marshall Sir Hugh 'Stuffy' Dowding, the Chief of Fighter Command, had only 21 front line squadrons in service including obsolete Gloster Gladiator biplanes (see *Mayfair* Vol 21 No 2). To make matters worse a pathetic total of 93 Spitfires and Hurricanes trickled off the production lines in September, and even by December, 1939, the monthly total had risen to only 122 machines.

Uncomfortably aware that Britain's air defences were stretched to breaking point, Dowding shrewdly sent only Gladiators and Hurricanes to support the army in Norway and, refusing to give way to political pressure, he found various convincing reasons for husbanding his precious Spitfires in home-based squadrons despite insistent requests from the BEF in France.

Dowding's parsimony proved to be justified when Hitler's panzers crushed the French army, and forced the BEF back to the Channel coast. The evacuation from Dunkirk quickly found the Spitfires in action against their opposite numbers in the Luftwaffe for the first time in any meaningful strength — previous air battles being little more than skirmishes — and many famous names received their baptism of fire during this period. Flight Lieutenant 'Sailor' Malan bagged an He 111 and a Ju 88 on May 21 and 'halved' another Ju 88 the next day. Robert Stanford Tuck, whose ultimate tally of 30 kills placed him high on the list of British World War Two aces, shot down his first three enemy fighters in the course of two patrols on the 23rd. And the legless hero Douglas Bader, who later made his reputation as a Hurricane pilot, was flying a Spitfire when he shot down his first 'bandit', an Me 109, on June 1. As a senior Luftwaffe officer observed: 'The enemy fighters pounced on our tightly knit formations with the fury of maniacs.' Maniacs perhaps. But there was a method in their madness as the Germans were to discover to their cost.

Generally the Spitfires were used for high altitude attacks against German fighters flying top cover for the bombing formations, leaving the Hurricanes, which performed best at lower levels, to tackle the well armed bomb carriers.

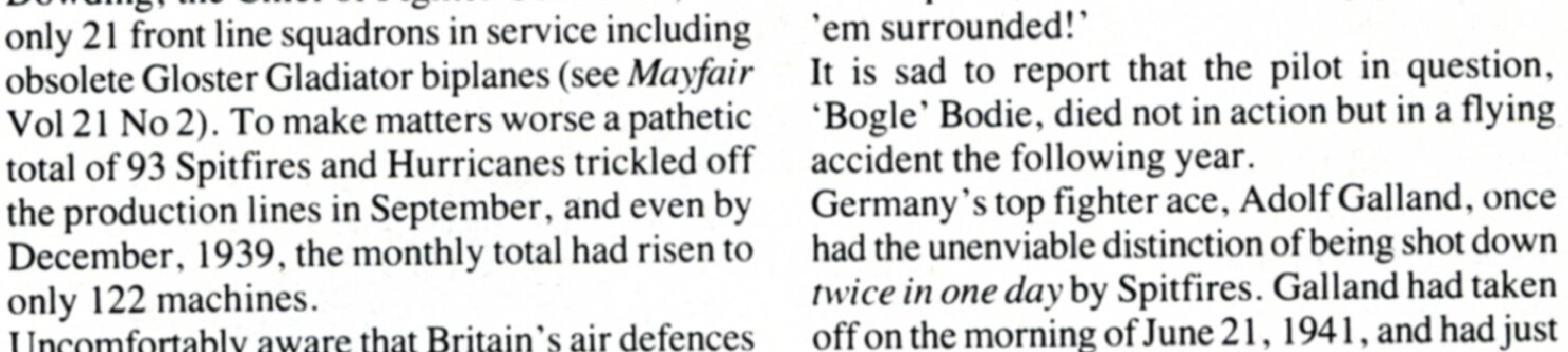
Despite the incredible stress of high-speed air combat the sense of humour of the British pilots was never far below the surface. In October 1940 a flight of Spitfires from No 66 Squadron was reforming after a hectic scrap with some Me 109s when the flight leader received an urgent R/T call from one of his flock who had maintained altitude to provide top cover for his comrades. Looking upwards he saw the lone Spitfire fighting for its life in the centre of some half dozen Messerschmidts and, leading the other machines up in a steep, almost vertical climb, he informed the unfortunate pilot that they were coming to his rescue.

'Don't panic,' came the classic reply. 'I've got 'em surrounded!'

It is sad to report that the pilot in question, 'Bogle' Bodie, died not in action but in a flying accident the following year.

Germany's top fighter ace, Adolf Galland, once had the unenviable distinction of being shot down *twice in one day* by Spitfires. Galland had taken off on the morning of June 21, 1941, and had just destroyed a Blenheim when he was jumped from astern by a Spitfire. Although he pulled clear of his attacker the bullets that had raked his machine in those few brief seconds damaged his radiator so severely that he was forced to make an emergency crash landing. A few hours later he was in the air again in another Me 109 eager to resume combat and avenge his defeat.

In the course of the afternoon he claimed his 70th victim over Boulogne. But his elation was shortlived. Once again an opportunist Spitfire latched onto his tail, and this time the Messerschmidt was hit by cannon shells. Within minutes the fuel tank exploded, and Galland, wounded by splinters in his head and arm, knew he would have to jump for it. The cockpit canopy jammed when he tried to open it and, as his burning machine hurtled earthwards out of control, he struggled to wrench it free. After herculean efforts he succeeded, only to snag his parachute on the fuselage. But the gods were on his side and, finally, tearing it free he plunged into space with just sufficient height left to open his parachute, and descend in safety.



A total of 1,566 Mark 1 Spitfires were built, and it was this original model that bore the brunt of the fighting in the Battle of Britain. The Mark 2 with its 1,175 hp Merlin XII engine, did not enter squadron service until the latter part of 1940. It is not generally realised that some of the original Mark 1 machines mounted two 20mm Hispano cannons in addition to four .303 machine guns — a formidable firepower for 1940, and another tribute to Mitchell's unique wing design.

In fact the elliptical wing was always an important feature of the Spitfire throughout its long career. A clipped wing version was introduced for low level fighting and ground attack at a later date while pointed tips were added for very high altitude missions flown by the photographic reconnaissance units — the Mark II PR had a top speed of 422 mph, a ceiling of 44,000 feet and a range of nearly 2,000 miles. An outstanding performance for a single-seat piston-engined machine.

It is impossible to detail all the various marks and variants of the Spitfire. Suffice it to say that there were, in all, 24 different official marks — two being specifically allocated to the carrier-borne Seafire. And production did not cease until October, 1947, by which time Supermarine had been totally absorbed by the giant Vickers organisation. But the Spitfire remained in RAF service until January, 1952 — the last Mark 24s flying with No 80 Squadron in Hong Kong — and were still operating with other air forces all over the world long after that date.

An incredible 20,334 Spitfires were built during its 11 year production run, and it was one of the few aircraft to remain in front-line service throughout the Second World War. In fact several squadrons of Royal Navy Seafires also saw action in the Korean War, and there were several incidents in both conflicts when the piston engined Spitfires successfully engaged, outflew, and shot down jet fighters including the Nazi Me 262 and the Communist Mig-15.

Few would dispute that the Supermarine Spitfire was Top of the Props. But Mitchell's supreme accolade came from an unexpected source.

By the middle of September, 1940, the Battle of Britain was nearly over and the Luftwaffe was facing defeat despite its overwhelming superiority in numbers. Goering's enforced tactics of providing closer and closer fighter escorts to protect his bombers had effectively surrendered combat initiative to the RAF, and in desperation Major Galland flew to HQ to protest.

Goering began by listening patiently. As a leading fighter ace in the Kaiser war he could understand the frustration of his young pilots, and he appreciated the tactical disadvantage under which they were operating. But the corpulent Deputy Fuehrer soon lost his temper and rounded savagely on Galland.

'Very well, Herr Major,' he stormed. 'And what kind of fighters would you like?'

Galland was not easily intimidated. *'Reichsmarschall,'* he retorted quietly, 'just give me one single squadron of Spitfires.'

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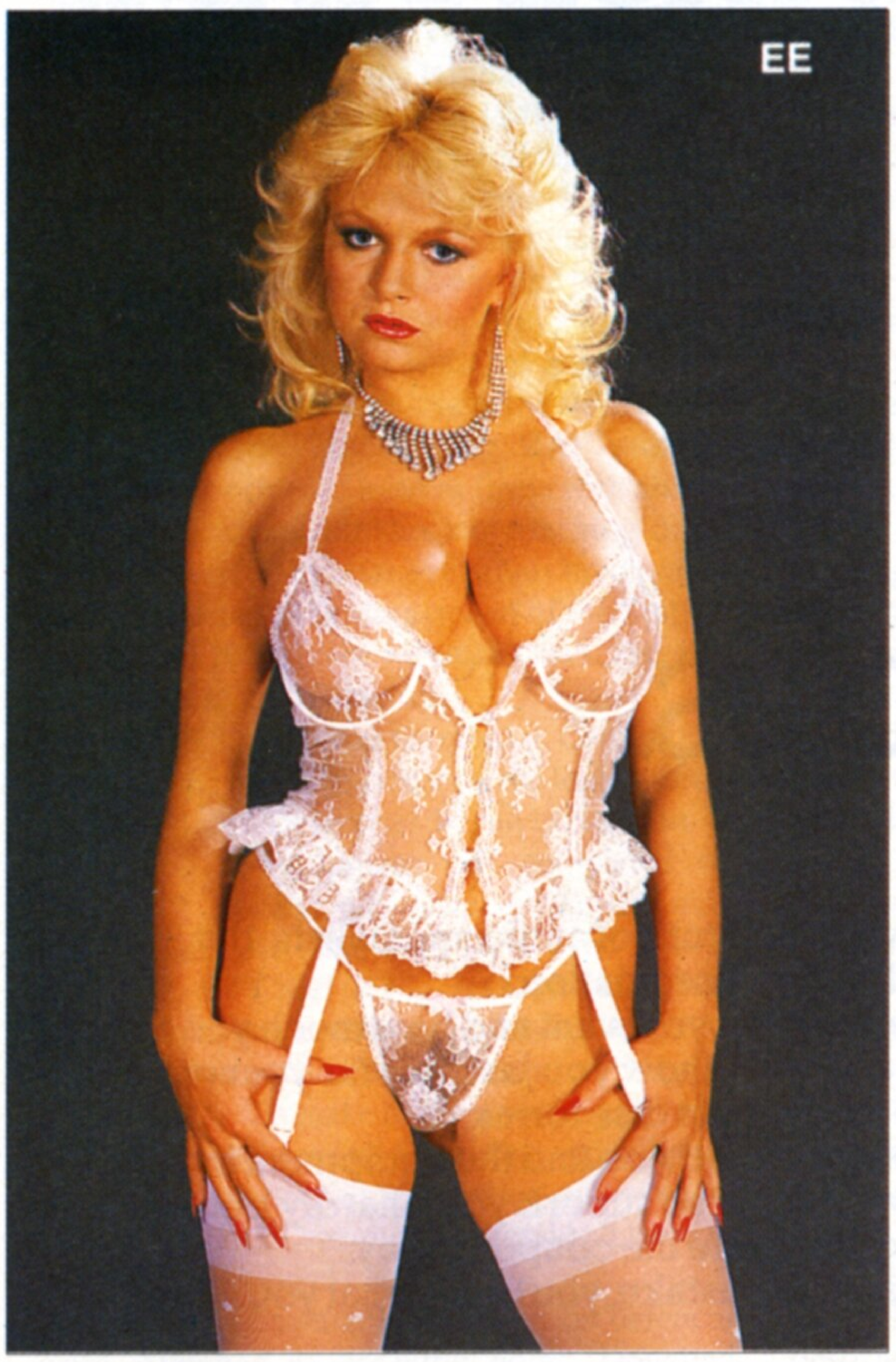

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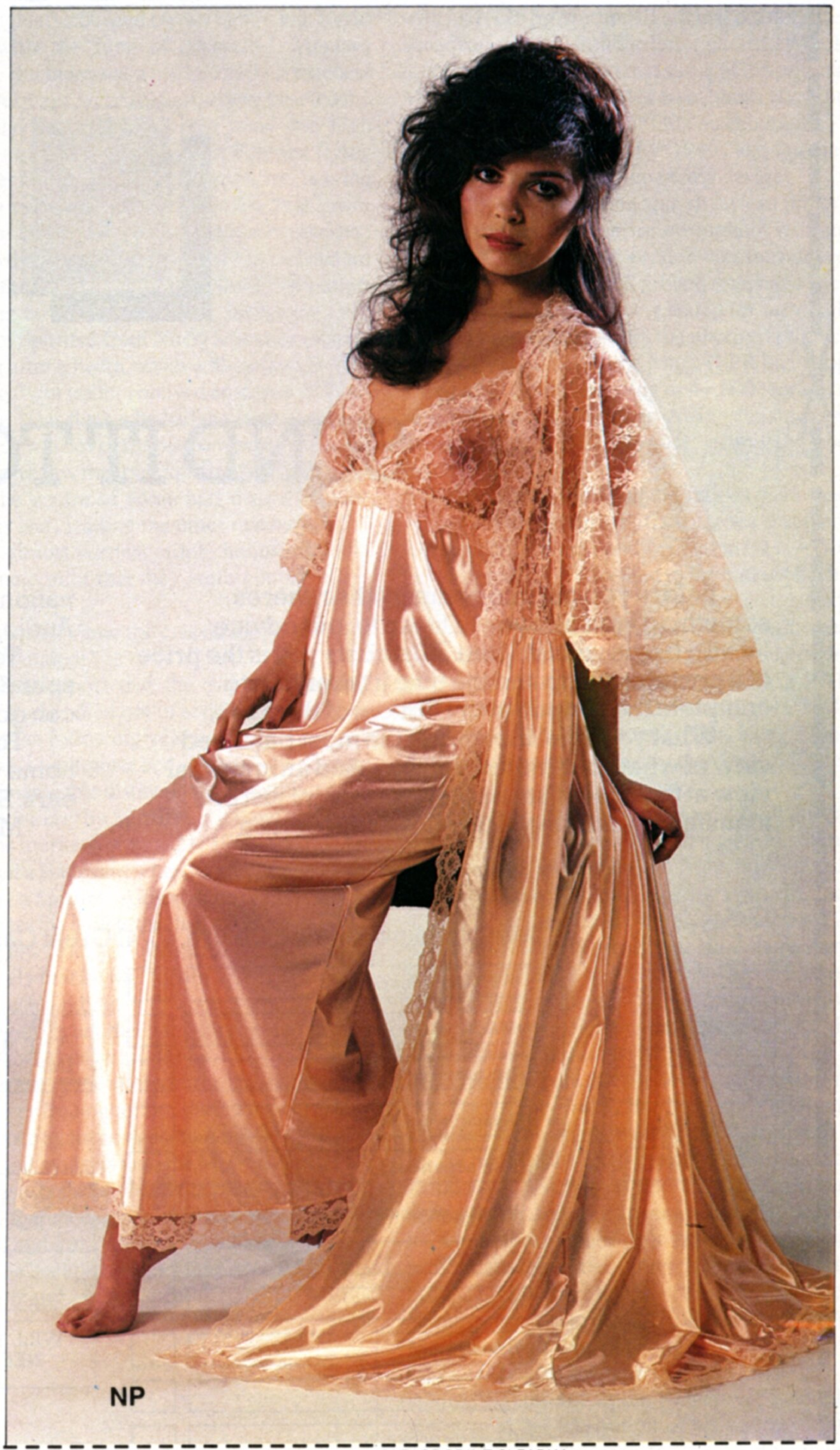

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Rodney and his girlfriend had been enjoying a fumble in the lounge at the *Ritz*, and were now settling down to tea. Half way through the first course, Rodney turned to the head waiter to compliment him on the food.
'I say, I really must congratulate you. These fishcakes are superb,' he said.
The waiter raised an eyebrow.
'Might I suggest that sir washes his hands,' he replied. 'Those are doughnuts.'

A stern, rather old-fashioned doctor was getting fed-up with patients turning up at his surgery afraid that they might have contracted AIDS. The doctor had little time for the gay community at best, and the recent epidemic was beginning to get him down. When the fifth nervous and rather effeminate young man came into his office that day, he decided it was time to make a stand.
'I think I might have AIDS,' said the camp young man.
'Oh yes?' said the doctor dubiously. 'I'd better examine you then.'
After a quick examination, the GP said, 'Yes, I'm afraid you may.'
'Oh God! What can I do?'
'Well,' said the doctor with a mischievous gleam in his eye. 'I suggest you go to your local curry house every evening, and order chicken vindaloo. Then go to your local pub, and drink ten pints of Guinness. Finally finish the evening with a take-away kebab from that little place just off the High Street, and take a couple of spoonfuls of castor oil before you go to bed.'
'Will that cure me?' asked the patient.
'No,' replied the doctor, 'but it might teach you what your rectum is for.'

The Post Office have announced that they are issuing stamps to commemorate 1,000 years of prostitution. The only snag is that it costs extra to lick them.

Why is an Australian man like a wombat?
He eats, roots and leaves.

A young East End lad took his girlfriend up on the top deck of the bus after an evening at the cinema. Feeling horny, he immediately ran his hand up her skirt, and was working his way into the girl's knickers in full view of the other passengers.
'Billy, really!' protested the girl. 'Ain't you got no manners? I've told you before. It's tits first . . .'

A young man was about to mount a rather fat lady when she suddenly looked a little serious.
'Paul?' she asked. 'Have you taken any precautions?'
'Oh yes,' replied Paul confidently. 'I've tied my feet to the end of the bed.'

A man was referred to the psychiatrist because he was fixated with ladies' breasts. Sitting down on the couch he told the shrink about his obsession. To find out how bad his new patient was, the psychiatrist decided to test him with a simple game of word association.
'Now when I give you a word, I want you to tell me the first thing that comes into your head,' the doctor said.
'Okay,' replied the boob fancier.
'Oranges.'
'Breasts.'
'Coconuts.'
'Breasts.'
'Headlights.'
'Breasts.'
'Windscreen wipers.
'Breasts.'
'Hold on,' said the trick cyclist. 'I can see that oranges, coconuts and headlights might remind you of breasts, but windscreen wipers? What have they got to do with it?'
The man began nodding his head from side to side.
'Easy,' he replied. 'First this one, then that one. First this one then that one . . .'

Great Quotes of Our Time:
Woody Allen was once asked by a reporter, 'Do you think that sex is dirty?'
After a little thought Woody replied, 'Only if it's done right.'

Intent on getting married life organised as soon as possible, Alan turned to Mary on their honeymoon.
'I've been thinking, we ought to have a code so that we know if either of us feels like making love,' he said.
'That's a good idea,' replied his wife.
'I suggest that if I want to make love, I'll kiss you once on the left nipple. If I don't I'll kiss your left nipple again.'
'That sounds reasonable,' agreed Mary. 'But what if I want to tell you when I'm feeling like it?'
'Well, when you want to make love,' said Alan thoughtfully, 'I suggest that you pull my cock once.'
'And if I don't?'
'You pull it again — and again and again and again . . .'

Spurred on by a very high wager,
A German musician named Bager
Proceeded to fart
The whole oboe part
Of Haydn's *Octet in B Major*.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

The Dean And I

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tell you enjoyed it from the look on your face.'

I blushed at the memory.

'You aren't beyond temptation then, Prof?'

'I am only human, Miss Halpin, and you are . . . um . . . quite an attractive woman.'

'A woman? I'm not an eighteen-year-old girl? And you're not a eunuch?'

'No, I'm not,' I snapped.

'Prove it.'

'What?' I was alarmed.

She swung her legs off the desk, and in one easy movement she straddled my lap. I froze.

'Prove it,' she repeated softly, slowly unbuttoning her shift.

'This is hardly the time . . .' I watched hypnotised as her fingers moved down the single row of buttons.

'Or the place . . .' I sobbed as her breasts revealed themselves as creamy mounds of flesh tipped by large, very pink, very erect nipples. Her fingers continued their descent.

'Someone might come in,' I gasped as she revealed her sex, the crisp black hair trimmed in a heart shape that matched her soft pouting mouth.

'That would be exciting,' she breathed heavily. 'You have noticed that I'm not wearing any underwear, haven't you?'

I couldn't speak. She cupped her breasts in her hands, and leant forward with infinite slowness until her left nipple was centimetres from my mouth.

'You are in my power,' she said in a mock hypnotic voice. 'Eat me.'

I was, and I did, tenderly taking that springy little piece of flesh into my mouth, and running my tongue voluptuously over it and around it, sucking it, pressing my face into the soft pillows of her swelling breasts.

'Mmmm,' she moaned softly, her arms around my head, her fingers in my hair as she hugged me closer and deeper. Suddenly she broke away and stood up so that she could lie back on the desk. One hand pinched her nipple while the other slid across the silky concavity of her belly to come to rest on her pussy. She massaged herself with a gentle rotation of her fingertips, a finger sliding occasionally to dip into her fissure, now moist. I could smell the fragrance of her, a warm animal smell that reminded me strangely of crushed ferns and rainwashed earth.

'Make love to me, Prof,' she requested quietly. I leant forward in my seat, and brushed my lips over her cunt, my tongue gliding deeply into her, and then trailing up to flicker but briefly over her clitoris. She tasted exquisite. My mind reeled, intoxicated by her. Heedless of the unlocked door, I stood and carefully lowered my trousers and pants, my cock bigger than I remembered it as I slowly showed it to her, seeing that she was enjoying this demonstration of her body's power over mine. I leant on the desk, not touching her at all except with the very tip of my cock. I teased her with it, enjoying each little dip, the feel of her fingers round my shaft. She caught hold of my balls with one hand, her other hand busily playing with her clit. I thrust into her, her legs rising around me, her hands pulling up my shirt, nipping my chest. She pulled me down, her mouth soft and wet as she licked and bit my chest. We rocked in tender frenzy on that hard desk until, ten minutes later, she bit my nipple with her teeth as we both came in a glorious churning orgasm.

* * *

Over the next few days I came to know Helena much better. She had been a reporter for several years before the strain of living in a bad world at odd hours had gotten too much for her. Hence her late arrival in the Groves of Academe. She still had a reporter's insatiable curiosity about people, though — which might explain how she came to know so much about the sex lives of Brown and myself. She dropped a few dark hints about some of my other colleagues but — since I had to work with them without laughing — I preferred not to know their foibles.

Helena had a foible or two of her own as I soon came to realise. Talkative, extrovert, highly intelligent, she liked to make love in the open air, preferably where there was a chance of discovery. The danger added an extra frisson to her favourite hobby, and our discreet and romantic walks usually culminated in torrid bouts of hasty, fumbling — but always satisfying — love making. We made love in parks, phone boxes, booths of restaurants, alleyways and lanes — everywhere and anywhere. But this ecstatic recklessness was soon to bring us to disaster.

To explain what was to befall us, I must first describe the geography of the lecture theatre in which I was to show a film of various Greek amphitheatres. The lecture theatre had tiered seating, a full size screen and, at the back, a chest high counter top on which film or slide projectors could be placed. The film was projected over the heads of the student audience.

I had gotten into my usual knots trying to thread the film into the machine, and Helena, who was attending the lecture, had come up to the counter top in the innocent guise of a helpful student who could master the technology that defeated her senile old tutor. I should have known from the slight flush of her cheeks, and the tiny grin at the corners of her full-lipped mouth that she had no intention of watching the film . . .

Soon the hall was dark save for the flicker of the screen. The voice-over boomed out through the speakers, droning on about the differences between Ionic and Doric columns.

'As can be seen by comparing the two, the Ionic is much slimmer than the Doric, and stands on a base above the stylobate. Blah blah triglyph, blah blah metope.'

'It's all Greek to me,' Helena whispered, slipping her hand into mine. I frowned at the corny gag. I frowned again as she rubbed the back of my hand against her pussy.

'Not here, Helena,' I hissed.

In answer she let go of my hand, stepped back a little, and lifted her dress as far as her waist. She was wearing the tiniest pair of black knickers, little more than a silk G-string tied at either hip with a slip-knot bow.

'Cut it out,' I whispered.

Helena swished her hips, and very deliberately undid first one bow then the other. The little scrap of silk fluttered to the floor. Then she pulled her skirt down again, gave me a demure smile, and leant on the counter top to watch the screen.

'So that's your game, Halpin,' I murmured, knowing that I was now expected to use my imagination. Knowing that she was entirely naked under that loose skirt was exciting — too exciting.

'It's too risky, Helena. Stop it,' I pleaded desperately. She came and stood in front of me, and lifted the smock top she was wearing to half an inch above those gorgeous pink nipples. In front of us, sixty assorted students snoozed under the onslaught of dentils and architraves from the film. She began to massage the rapidly expanding bulge in my groin.

'Tell me, Prof,' she whispered sweetly, 'is this column Ionic or Doric?'

'Helena,' I said uncertainly, 'this is not a good idea.'

By this time she had unzipped me, and was cupping my balls in her hand.

'Prof, I think I've found the Elgin marbles!'

I groaned for a number of reasons. Helena turned and leant on the counter top again. She began to rub her buttocks gently against my bare cock, the cool silky material of her skirt lubricating the gentle massage of flesh on flesh. Now she had my tool trapped, caught in the furrow between her buttocks as she rubbed up and down! My hands moved — of their own accord — to take hold of those delicious breasts. I clasped her tightly to me, my lips on her sweet neck, her hair against my cheek, her scent in my nostrils. I was drunk. As I gently kneaded her nipples, her soft cool hand guided me in between her legs, the

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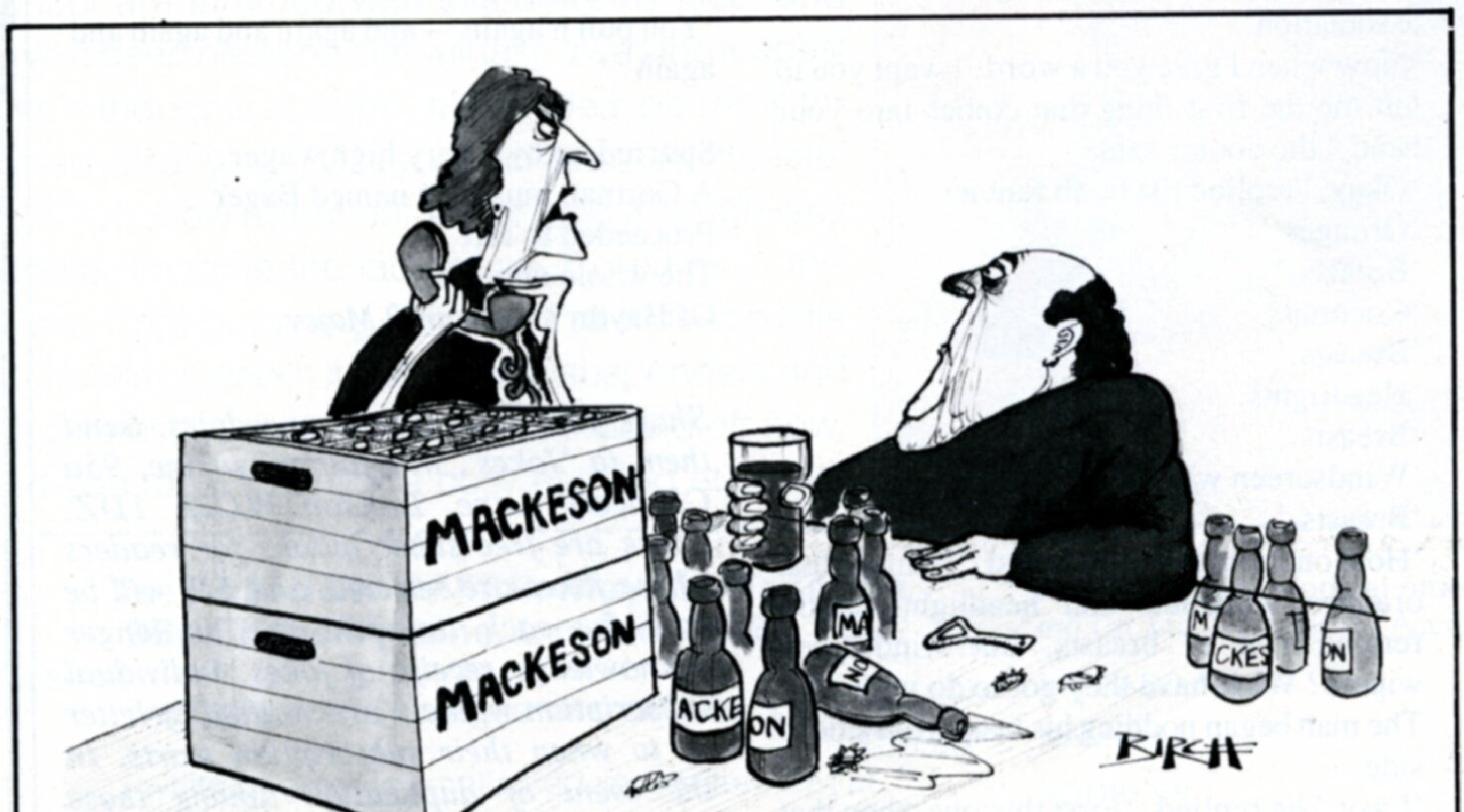

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The Dean And I

continued from page 102

skirt gliding aside as I slipped into the hot wet surprise.

'Let's stop,' I whispered. In answer Helena slipped her hand between her own legs, and grabbed my balls, digging her fingernails in with gentle insistence.

'Let's see you get out of this one, Prof,' she giggled.

I tried to break the love knot. In answer her fingernails dug deeper into my balls. I surrendered and began to fuck her gently, feeling the cleft of her marvellous arse against my belly as I moved faster and deeper. The students in front of us moved restlessly as my column slid in and out of her pussy, her muscles contracting tightly around me, sucking my shaft in deeper and deeper, her honey dripping warm and creamy over my balls.

'I'm nearly there,' Helena whispered hoarsely, leaning over the counter top, her legs off the floor now, entwined round mine as I held her by the hips, and leant back to plunge hard and swift into her, feeling her moist fur bristle against my skin with each firm drive of my hips. Suddenly her body was seized by a spasm of ecstasy and the hot throes of her coming turned me to electricity as I foamed into her in a relentless tidal wave. We shuddered to a halt, locked together in a Dionysian pose that would have entranced the Greeks. My breath came in rasps that I hoped were silent. I held Helena tenderly.

A quiet chilling voice spoke not three feet away.

'I'd like to see both of you in my office at the end of this lecture.'

I turned, startled. The Dean stood in the shadows near us, his gown wrapped round him in a strange manner, his face pink and perspiring. He turned on his heel, and strode away, leaving by the rear door of the theatre, the door that I had forgotten about, and through which he had presumably entered.

Crestfallen, we tidied ourselves while my oblivious students slumbered.

'How long was he there?' asked Helena in a whisper as she picked up her discarded pants.

'Long enough,' I said, busying myself with the cleansing tissue Helena had given me. 'Jesus, I'm ruined. He'll let you stay on because you're gorgeous, and he'll think I led you astray. But I'll be cleaning the streets by this time next week.'

'No you won't,' said Helena, a wicked grin spreading across her face. Decent again, she kissed me quickly on the lips before slipping out of the theatre, leaving me to stare distractedly at my still hibernating audience.

When the lecture ended half an hour later, Helena was waiting for me outside. She laughed when she saw the stricken look on my face.

'Don't worry, Prof. I'll save you.'

'Nothing can save me now,' I groaned.

'This can,' she said, handing me a camera bag. 'One SLR camera, flash, etcetera. The Dean may be holier-than-thou, but he isn't perfect.' She smirked wickedly.

'You're too ashamed to face the Dean. You've gone home to write your resignation.'

'I am? I have?'

'No, blockhead, but that's what I'll tell the Dean. Come to his office in half an hour. Don't knock — just come straight in with the camera blazing.'

I was confused.

'What's happening. What are you going to do? Can't you explain all this?'

'I'm going to get a dressing-down. And so is the Dean. Just do as I say, darling, and it will all turn out nicely.'

Another brief kiss, and she was gone, clicking along the corridor with a large brown paper bag in her hand.

* * *

For a university lecturer, I'm not very bright at times. I'm certainly easily led. And when a girl with Helena's verve, aplomb and arse says, 'Come through the door with the camera blazing,' then that's what I do. That's what I did. As I stepped from the ante room into the Dean's faded and familiar study, the camera was whirring and clicking like an arthritic helicopter. It stopped when I saw what was going on. Helena, naked except for her high heels, was in mid-pirouette when I entered — a large and obscenely creamy doughnut in one hand, and another in flight. The flying doughnut was aimed at the cream-spattered Dean who sat, similarly attired, on a chair in front of the fire — well, he was naked at least: doughnuts may be his style, but high heels aren't. The mortar board was a nice touch, though.

'Use your camera, Prof,' said Helena sweetly, flinging the other doughnut at the Dean who sat rigid with shock at the sight of me. He was rigid with lust, too, and as I recovered my composure enough to continue snapping, Helena plucked another doughnut from her paper bag, and jammed it over the little goat's not-so-little protuberance.

'Say cheese, Deanie,' said Helena, pressing her cheek to his, and mugging happily for the camera. I kept the damn thing running while the Dean leapt to his feet, and tried to cover his embarrassment (amongst other things). You can imagine how foolish a wizened old man can look clutching a mortar board to his privates, but you can't imagine how pathetically funny it was. Even as I laughed I felt sorry for the old dodderer. Helena slipped on her clothes with practised speed.

'We'll say no more about it, Dean, shall we?' she trilled evilly. The Dean couldn't answer. In his position, could you? We left.

Outside, I was filled with remorse.

'Surely we didn't have to humiliate him quite so much, Helena?' She rounded on me.

'If he wants to indulge in such peculiar vices, then that's his lookout. Anyway, he'd have sacked you without compunction — why feel sorry for him? He had ten minutes of heaven in there.'

'Yes, I know, but — Jesus, doughnuts — I've heard about it, but I've never believed it. How did you know about the Dean's taste for them?'

'Mrs Brown told me. Speak of the Devil, here she comes.'

And so she did, sweeping across the quadrangle towards us with a seductively regal bearing.

'Why, Professor Lawson,' she exclaimed, her green eyes glinting in a predatory fashion, 'I was just thinking about you. Why don't you come over for tea this afternoon. It's such a long time since we had a little . . . ahem . . . chat.' Her words dripped sexual promise, and Helena shot me a stern look before answering for me, although the invitation had not extended to her.

'We've just had tea with the Dean, thanks, Mrs Brown,' she giggled. 'Tea and doughnuts in fact.'

Mrs Brown's eyebrows rose. She muttered something about another time, and headed off to accost one of the more presentable janitors.

'Mr Hunter,' I heard her say archly, 'you really must come over and take a look at my plumbing.'

'Well,' said Helena, 'today I've saved your career from ruin, and your body from Mrs Brown.'

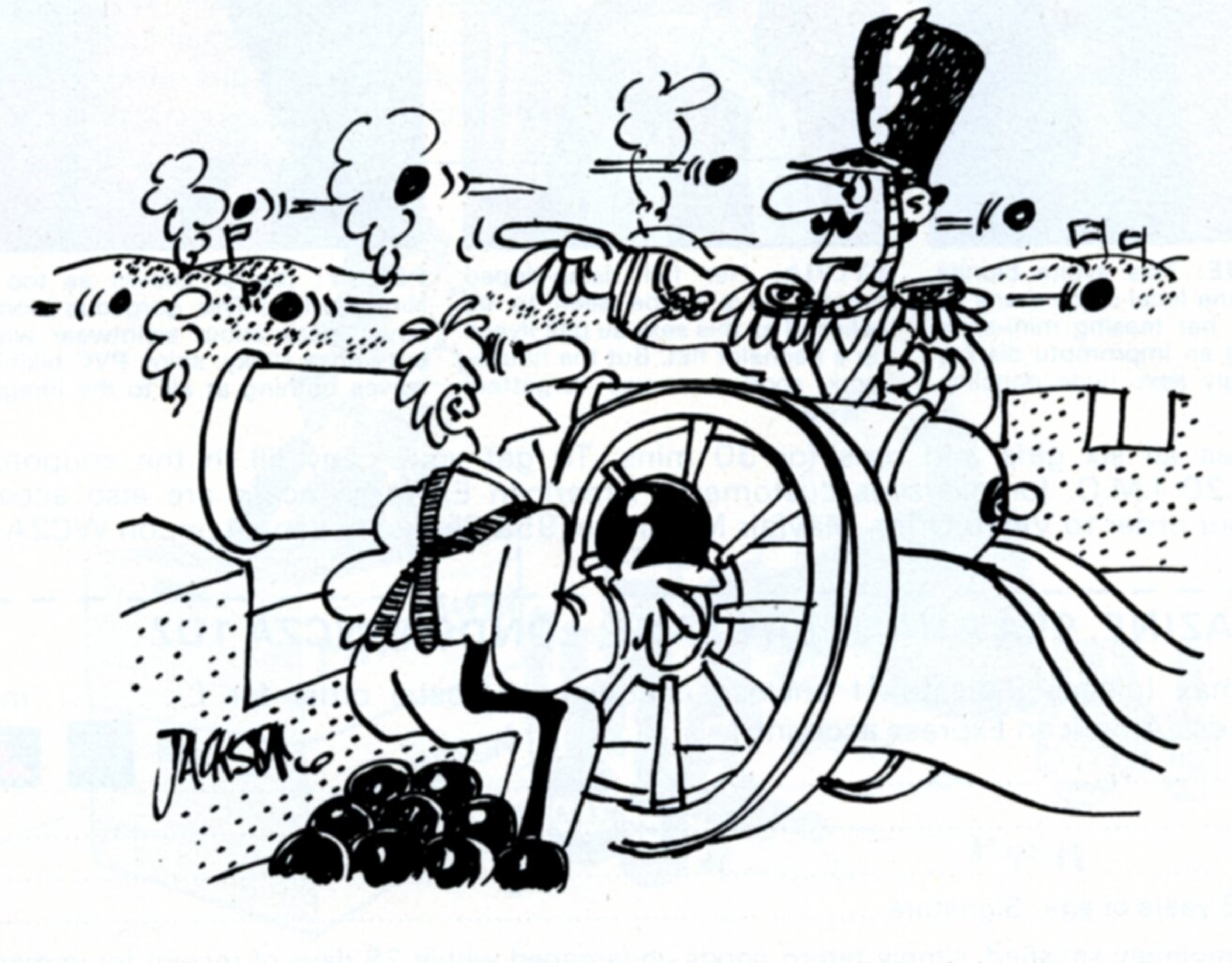
'I know, Helena,' I said humbly, 'I don't know how to thank you.'

She took my hand.

'Oh, yes you do,' she purred. 'Have you ever wondered what it would be like to make love in the ripple tank they've got over in the Marine Engineering Department?'

'No, Helena,' I said firmly. 'No Marine Engineering, no ripple tanks. You'll have to make do with the shower back at my place.'

'It'll just have to do,' said Helena sulkily. She brightened. 'Can I wear my flippers?'



'I want you to go out there and get our balls back.'

Kathy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

February 24 was a day of mixed blessings for Kathy Turner. It was her 21st birthday, and her father bought her a car — rather appropriately a Mini Mayfair — as a present. Then came the bad news. She'd have to go out and get a job. 'I suppose I had been sponging off my parents rather,' she admitted, referring to her lazy life lounging around her parents' six-bedroomed house near Henley-in-Arden in Warwickshire. But now that's all over. Kathy has to drive every day to Birmingham's Elmdon Airport where she works behind the scenes. 'It's not very glamorous, I spend the whole day on the phone,' she said. 'And I haven't met any dishy pilots yet.'

However there may be one pilot who gets to share a cockpit with Kathy's 34-22-34 figure. After working there for just a few weeks, she has caught the flying bug, and wants to learn. 'I hear the private pilots talking about "hopping over to France", and get very jealous. But I can't see Daddy buying me a Cessna or a Cherokee, no matter how hard I work.' And saving up for one herself might present a problem. 'I do spend rather a lot of money on enjoying myself,' she confessed. As well as drinking in the *Nags Head* pub on Henley high street, she loves eating at the town's restaurants. But don't her men friends pay? 'Oh no, I won't let them. They all believe that the way inside a girl's knickers is through her stomach. I'm different. I like a little warmth and affection instead.'

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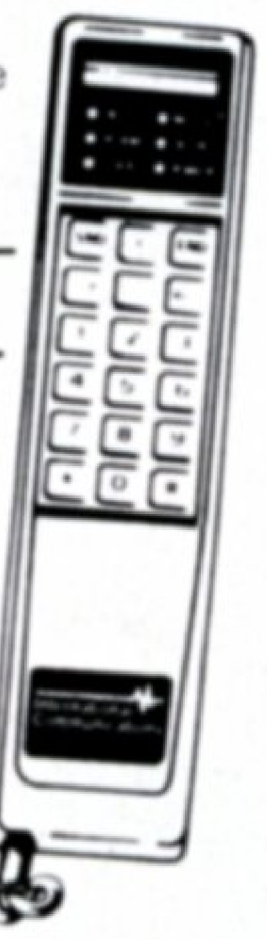

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shower, I knew that all the dampness I could feel was not water. So I kept him in my mouth, teasing him with my tongue, until I felt him growing again.

He felt it too because he was soon, pulling me to my feet, and began to lift up the tight wet skirt to get at my panties. They were my best black silk lacy ones, but that didn't matter now. He pulled them down roughly, and I felt him bumping against my pussy lips. God, I was hot! Even with all that water pouring down us, we were still panting and boiling with excitement. He was fully erect by now, and slipping it into me was no problem. As I've said before, that feeling of water cascading down us as we fuck is not new, but our clothes clinging to us seemed to intensify it. He pumped into me, frantically kissing and licking my boobs as he did so. We seemed to pound like this for ever, until, both climaxing, we fell exhaustedly onto the floor. In fact still in the majority of our sopping wet clothes, we rolled out of the shower onto the bathroom floor still giggling and laughing. It was fantastic.

Since then we have repeated the process to the extent of Mark wearing his jeans in the shower whilst I kept my stockings and suspenders on. We heartily recommend it.

Paula, Basingstoke

PS The shoe came out quite easily. Mark thinks I was kidding.

I read with fascination the account in Vol 21 No 2 by a young lady of the spankings she received from her stepfather. She said she would love to know if any other girls are punished in this way.

Perhaps my story will interest her and other readers. I have a very attractive dark-haired female cousin who lives only a short walking distance from me. Pauline (name changed) and I grew up together. We are great mates as well as cousins, and I have fancied her for many years although sadly she does not feel the same way about me. But she is a great sport, and we tell each other everything, and I *mean* everything. She even reads *Mayfair* and my other magazines.

One afternoon I showed Pauline a magazine with a picture of a woman spanking another woman. I confided to her that this theme had always turned me on, and was a fetish of mine.

At first she looked at me in a strange way, but being very broadminded she soon accepted it, saying each to his own. Then, to my delight, she told me about an occasion when she had come home very late, and her widowed mum had walloped her bare backside. My aunt is Italian so you can imagine she can be very fierce at times. But she is in her late thirties, and very nice, slim and dark with almond shaped eyes.

A couple of months after Pauline had told me this I popped round to their house to ask if I could watch a film on the TV as my folks were looking at a documentary. As usual I walked in without knocking. From the kitchen I could hear raised voices at the living room doorway, and stepping forward I could see my aunt and my cousin. My aunt had her arms folded, and was looking very vexed. I couldn't resist listening, and Pauline's spanking story flashed into my mind. I soon learned that the inquiry concerned two large love bites on my cousin's neck, and my aunt was extremely annoyed about them to say the least, being a devout Catholic.

As I watched unobserved, my aunt took hold of Pauline's wrist, and dragged her to the living room. I couldn't resist tiptoeing to the doorway to watch. Luckily the settee was at an angle so I could see what was going on. My aunt sat on the settee, pulled her daughter's pants right down, pulled her over her knee, and hoisted her short skirt halfway up her back. To my delight Pauline was wearing no stockings or tights.

Then my aunt placed a long white hand on her daughter's bare buttocks, raised it, and brought it down with an almighty slap. This was repeated quite a few times, and each slap made a delightful resounding noise. My prick was growing stiffer all the time as I stood open-mouthed, watching blushing imprints appear all over Pauline's soft white buttocks.

By now my heart was beating somewhere in my throat, but what really did it for me was when, at the end of the spanking, my aunt left her hand on her daughter's buttocks for a few seconds, then gave her two more hard slaps, 'One for good luck, and one for next year.' At this point I came uncontrollably in my pants.

Once the punishment was over, there was no more ill-feeling. As far as my aunt was concerned the matter was ended. She told Pauline to get up and although I had climaxed I was still aroused to see my cousin, hair all bedraggled, rubbing her delectable backside,

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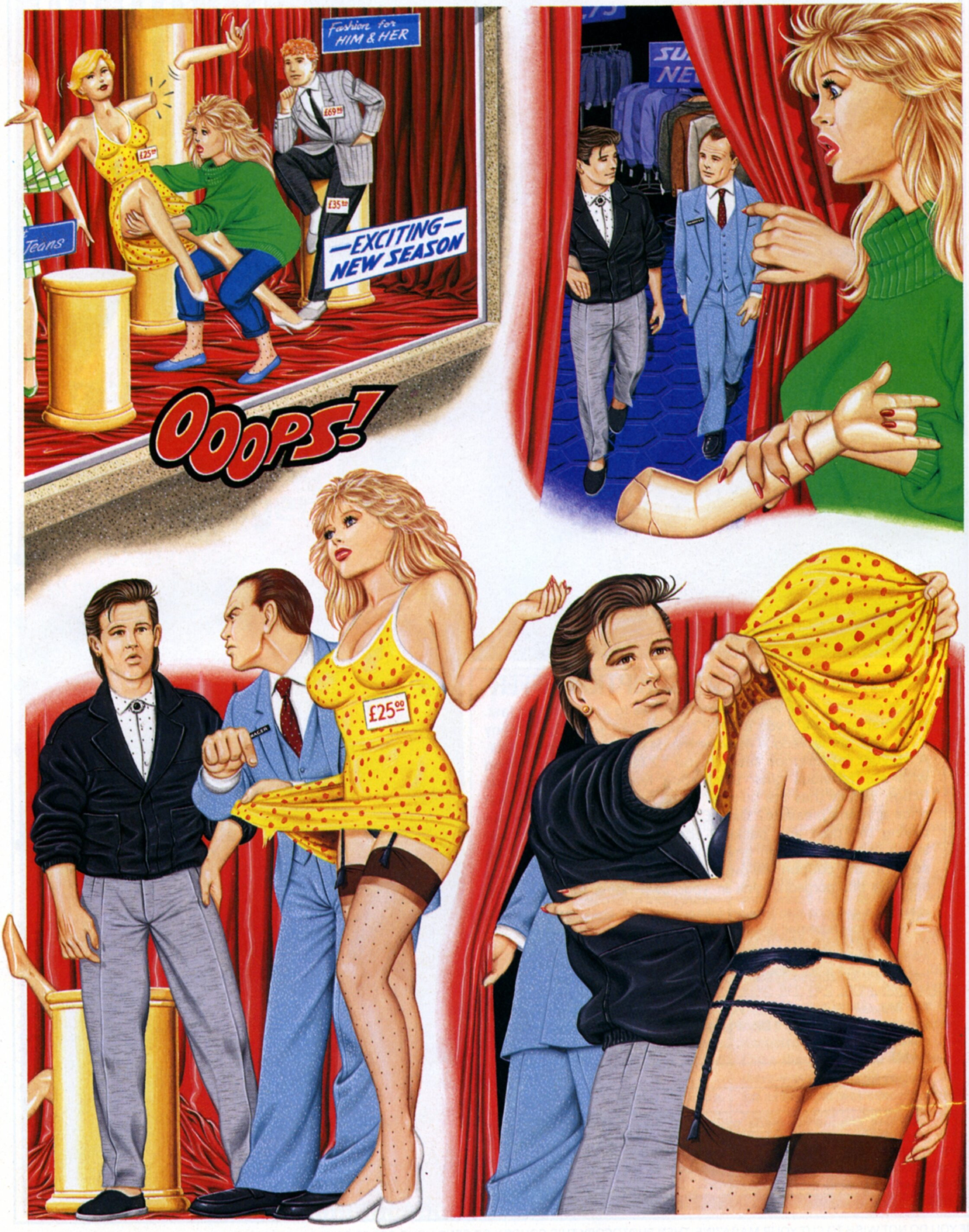
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showing a glimpse of pubes, and looking mournful. I decided this was a good point to make an exit, and forget all about the film. So I crept out the way I had come in.

That all happened a few years ago, but even now when I see her with bare legs in a shortish skirt I get a hard-on just looking at the shape of her backside while remembering that spanking I'd seen. What a pity more mothers don't spank their teenage daughters. Or perhaps some other readers might say they do!

(Name and address withheld)

It would be an interesting follow-up to see the effect on the Harlow pub's trade as a result of the display put on in Vol 21 No 2 by that brassy barmaid Nina. I'll bet that her fullsome figure comes in for a lot more friendly abuse as she handles the pumps behind the bar. It's just as well she doesn't work for Dirty Den in *Eastenders* as he would probably arrange their duties so that Nina would always be occupied in the cellar.

In the same issue, I thought *Quest* was excellent. The most interesting part was where the girl gave an account of being taken by an ex-lover on top of some cartons in a storeroom. Remarkably honest was her admission that, having submitted, she then enjoyed being taken forcibly from behind, yet hated the humiliation she felt on discovering that her punishment had been watched by the chap she really fancied.

The description of the scene, with the girl swearing at her seducer, and affecting to resist while actually loving her abasement, was most authentic, and just like the scene in Sergio Leone's film *Once Upon a Time in America* where during a jewellery raid the shrieking gangster's moll is spread over a desk by the hero, and 'has a cork put in her' to keep her quiet.

G W, London EC1

My wife, Diana (name changed), and I have been married for five years, and although we were both virgins when we married, we now both make love in lots of different positions. In fact we love it so much that we do it most nights of the week.

However one of our best lovemaking sessions was a few months ago in a rather unusual place. It was, in fact, where I work, and where Diana also works part-time. I had come into her office for a chat, and we were the only ones there, everyone else being out at the time.

It was summer so Diana was only wearing a blouse, bra, black panties, stockings and suspenders. Soon I was kissing her, and feeling up her leg, and then inside her black panties. Diana was shocked. 'No, don't,' she said. 'We can't, not here.' She was afraid that somebody might come in and disturb us.

I explained that everyone had gone out, and that we were safe if we were quick, but Diana was still reluctant. However I knew that deep down half of her quite fancied the idea of a little misbehaviour in the office, so I grabbed hold of her. Pushing her down onto all-fours, I moved behind her. I lifted up her skirt, and pulled down her black panties. There she was just waiting for me.

I unzipped and pulled down my overalls, then moved closer to her. Slowly I entered her from behind, holding onto her bottom as I started driving into her.

'Come on, be quick,' she said breathlessly, and after a while I began pumping harder and faster. Finally I came into her, it was superb. I pulled out, and Diana got up, and went off to get cleaned up. It was very exciting, We both agreed that it was especially so because anyone could have walked in at any time. I wonder if other readers get a thrill from this sort of 'illicit' sex?

EL, Buckinghamshire

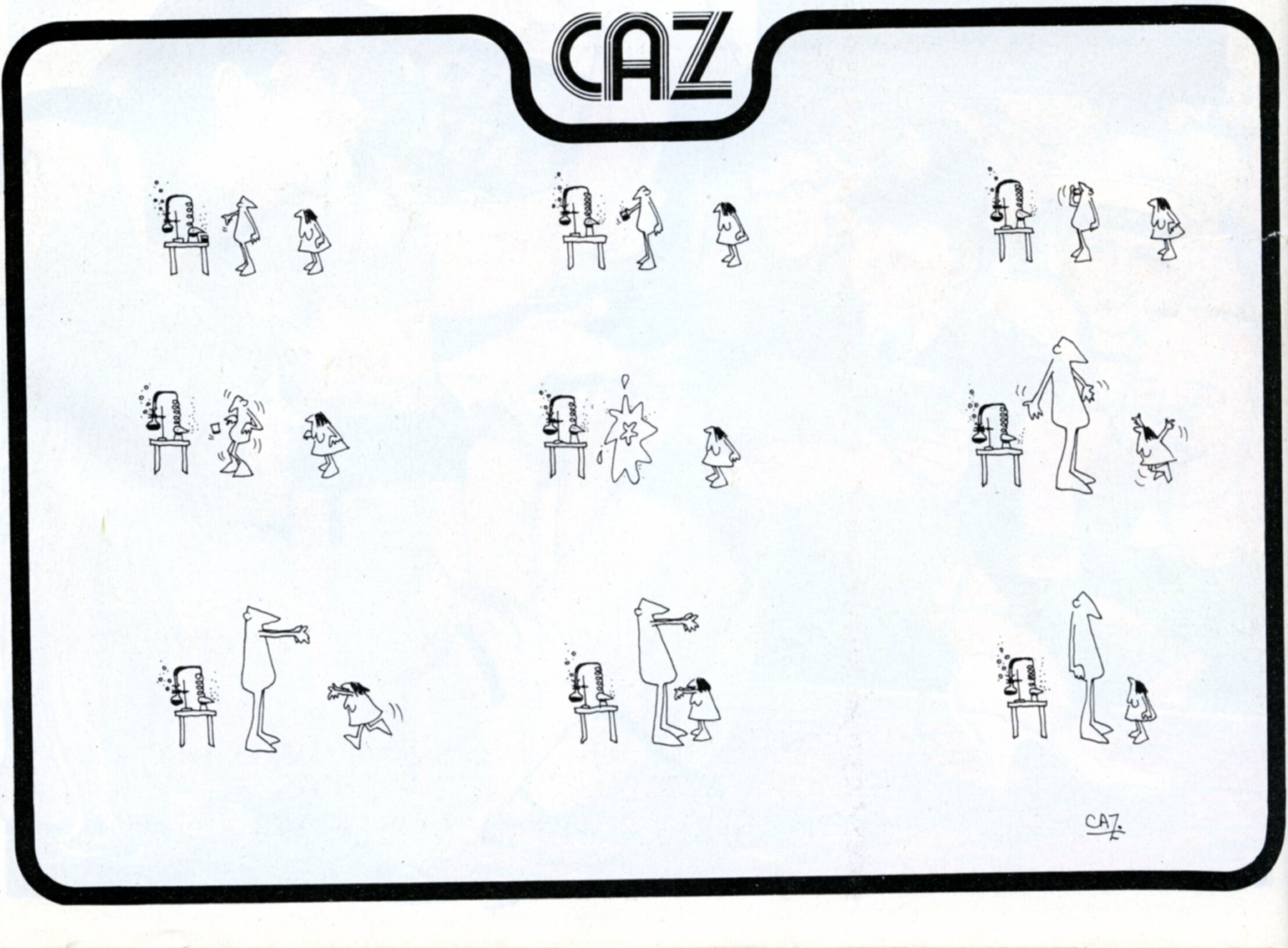
Now you know why none of us invite our wives or girlfriends to work at Mayfair. *We'd never get time to get the issue out. Besides they'd find out what we* do *get up to all day.*

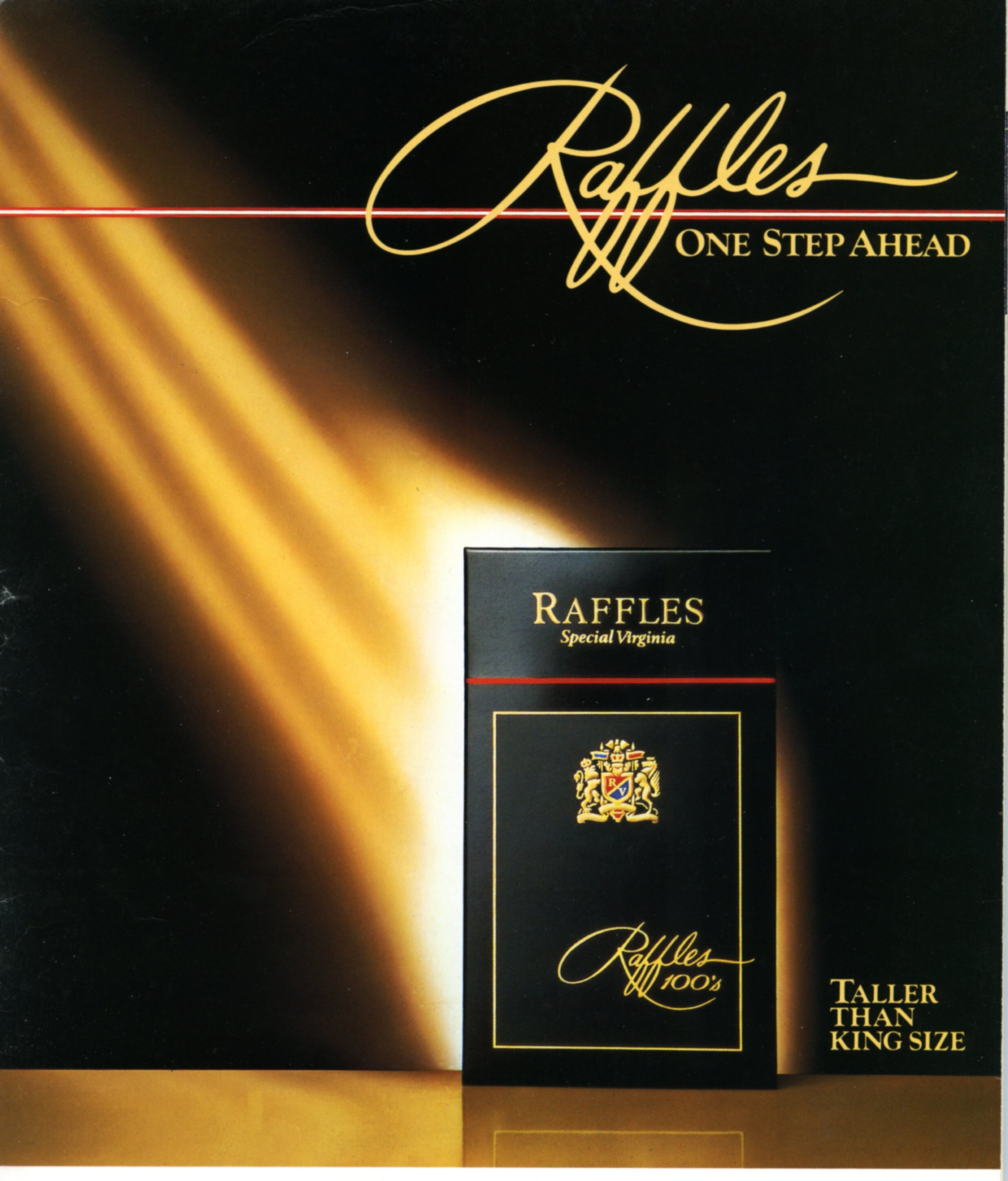
May I ask for a feature on seaside postcards? I became particularly interested in them after seeing an attractive girl, giggling hysterically over a selection. All the best jokes offered seem to be about sex.

I am also a great lover of the accidental gaffe. Recently a notable French lady said in public that she was looking for 'a penis' when she meant 'happiness'. I was also amused by a Hungarian Diplomat who exclaimed that he liked to be 'early to bed and up with the cock.'

HW, London

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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